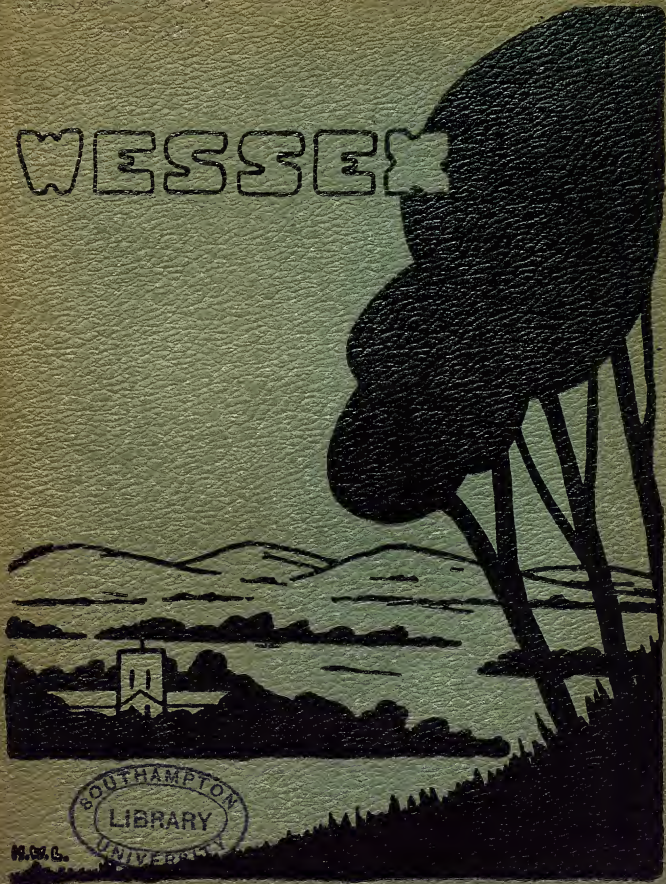


WESSEX



H.C.C.

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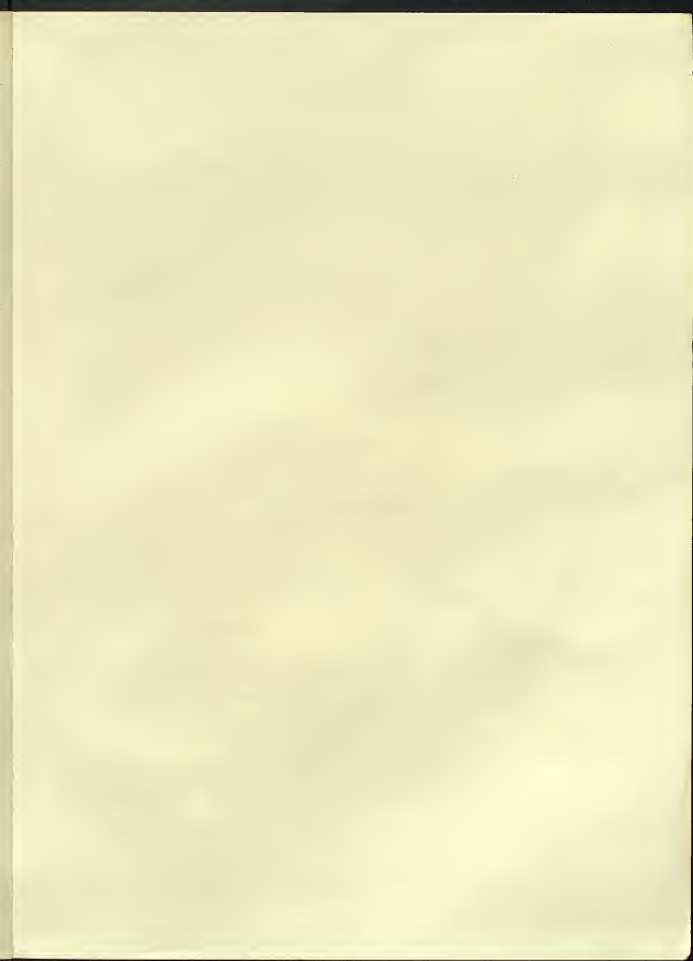
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WESSEX

An Annual Record
of the Movement for a
University of Wessex

VOL. I No. 3

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for
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1930

A MESSAGE TO *WESSEX*

from THE RIGHT HON. LORD FORSTER OF LEPE, P.C., G.C.M.G.

I WISH to send my very hearty greetings to *Wessex*, and to all who are working to build up a University of Wessex based on the foundation of University College, Southampton. The ancient kingdom of Wessex, with its great past stretching back to the dawn of history, and its important modern development, must have a university of its own to express its cultural life and to give its sons and daughters the highest kind of education. *Wessex* should be bought and read by every Wessex man and woman who is interested in any aspect of education, or who has any pride in the traditions and corporate life of this historic part of England.

FORSTER.

NOTE. The frontispiece is a portrait of H.R.H. The Duchess of York, presented to University College, Southampton, on the occasion of the opening of the new Hall of Residence for Women.

Wessex

An Annual Record of the Movement for
a University of Wessex

VOL. I No. 3

1ST JUNE, 1930

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, SOUTHAMPTON

1929-1930

A SURVEY

DURING the year that has passed since *Wessex* was last published, University College has progressed and developed in many directions.

A visitor to the College buildings will see a large block of Zoological and Geological laboratories in course of erection, and very soon the building of the back of the proposed central block of the main College building will have been started; this will contain new lecture-rooms, the need for which has become very pressing. At Highfield Hall, behind the existing Hall of Residence for women, an entire new Hall, ready for opening by H.R.H. the Duke of York on July 1st, has been erected, while in the grounds of South Stoneham House the foundations of a new Hall of Residence for men are being laid.

* * * * *

The development of the Halls of Residence is a most important factor in the life of University College. Without adequate residential facilities, the College can never lay claim to the position of a University, serving a large area of country such as Wessex. The decision to increase these facilities and to supply up-to-date accommodation for resident students, has, therefore, placed the College more surely than ever on the way towards the goal of University status. The new Hall for women at Highfield (described on p. 6) is one of the best equipped in the country; every student has her own study-bedroom, and there is also a splendid dining-hall, a library and common rooms, and lavatory and bathroom arrangements which excel most of those at the colleges of the older Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

The completion of the Hall was made possible by the generous gift of £14,000 by an anonymous donor. As a condition of the gift, the old Highfield Hall, which is a house now quite unsuitable for a permanent Hall of Residence, is to be pulled down as soon as possible after the completion of the new building, and its site will become an open space with lawns and tennis-courts.

WESSEX

H.R.H. the Duchess of York was to have opened the new Hall on July 1st, but since she has been compelled to cancel all her engagements for the present, the Duke has kindly consented to perform the ceremony for her, and it will be a great day for the College, when many hundreds of people will be invited to witness the ceremony and to inspect the new Hall. The Royal visitor will be received by the Right Hon. the Lord Forster of Lepe, P.C., G.C.M.G., Vice-President of the College, in the unavoidable absence of the President, and, after opening the Hall, the Duke will be conducted on a tour of inspection of it.

* * * * *

The increasing demand for entrance by men students has made it necessary for Council to order the immediate building of a new Hall of Residence for men, even though not a single penny of the £50,000 which it will cost is in hand, or even promised. This Hall will be built in the grounds of South Stoneham House, the existing men's Hall, so that the gardens and grounds, amounting to about fifteen acres, will be available for the residents of both Halls. It will be built on the quadrangle system, around the four sides of a central court, on the lines of the colleges of the older Universities, with study-bedrooms grouped round fifteen separate staircases on three sides, and a dining-hall, library, common-rooms and Wardens' quarters on the fourth side. It will be the finest building that the College possesses, and it is hoped that it will be ready for occupation in October, 1931. For the 1930-1 session, the residents of the women's small Hall at South Hill, Bassett, will be temporarily housed in the old Highfield Hall, and the South Hill Hall will be used to relieve the pressure on the accommodation for men until the new Hall is ready.

By October, 1931, the accommodation available for resident students should be as follows:

For Men

South Stoneham House	110
New Hall at South Stoneham	135
Total for men	245

For Women

South Hill Hall	35
New Highfield Hall	110
Total for women	145
Total number of resident students	390

In the vacations there is a considerable demand for the use of the Halls of Residence by various societies and institutions for courses and conferences. During the year, the Dioceses of Southampton and Portsmouth both held Clergy Schools at South Stoneham House, and a Conference of Youth, organized by the Rector of St. Mary's, Southampton, was also held there. The Portsmouth Clergy School and the W.E.A. are making inquiries with regard to the use of the Hall in the next long vacation. A Speakers' School, in connection with the Hampshire Federation of Women's Institutes, was held at South Hill Hall in the long vacation last year.

* * * * *

The increasing number of students applying for entrance to the College is a very satisfactory sign of its widening usefulness to a larger and larger section of the com-

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, SOUTHAMPTON

munity, and every effort is being made to meet this demand by the provision of adequate residential facilities. An analysis of the figures shows that, of the 400 students taking a full-time course, just over 90 come from Southampton, 130 from other parts of Wessex, and 180 from other parts of Great Britain, and abroad. The increase in the number of men students is largely accounted for by a request from the Board of Education that the College should undertake to train an extra number of teachers, the demand for whom will be considerably increased because of the raising of the school leaving age to fifteen years.

The vigour of the academic life of the College is revealed by the number of Degrees obtained by students during the year. In all, twenty-seven Honours Degrees were obtained, and fourteen Pass Degrees: of the Honours Degrees, three were Firsts, and sixteen Seconds. These are, of course, the External Degrees, of the University of London, as the College cannot grant its own degrees until it has attained full University status. Mention should also be made of a Research Fellowship conferred on Mr. H. H. Hatt by the University College in recognition of his important work in Chemical Research at the College.

It should also be noted that the demand of industry for fully qualified chemists is at present greater than the College can supply, and that those who have graduated in Chemistry or in Engineering are being absorbed by industry as soon as they leave.

The Extra-Mural Department, under the direction of Mr. A. Tomlinson, is making rapid development throughout Wessex. Details of this development will be found in the Article under Mr. Tomlinson's signature on p. 89.

It is interesting to notice that a University Extension Society has been established as far afield as Worthing, and it is hoped to establish others at Sandown and Aldershot. A series of lectures of a very high standard is to be inaugurated in Winchester in the Autumn, by the Dean of St. Paul's and Dr. William Brown, Wilde Reader in Mental Philosophy at Oxford University.

It is a mark of the high esteem in which the College is held that the Bishop of Winchester has written to suggest that South Stoneham Rectory, which adjoins the grounds of South Stoneham House, should be converted by the combined Dioceses of Winchester, Salisbury, Chichester, and Portsmouth, into a hostel where about twenty or thirty candidates for the Ministry can reside, while studying for their degrees at University College. It is hoped that this scheme will materialize.

On January 19th, the College suffered a severe loss by the death of Dr. J. W. Horrocks, who had been, since 1912, a lecturer in the Department of History. His scholarship brought great repute to the College, and he had devoted his life to deepening and spreading the knowledge of his subject. An appreciation of Dr. Horrocks, by the Rev. J. L. Beaumont James, appears on p. 93.

Some members of the Staff have resigned during the year: Mr. Kenneth Lindsay, Secretary of the Extra-Mural Department, on his appointment as Organizer of Emigration under the Government; Miss E. M. Ricks, Instructor in Physical Training in the Department of Education, on her appointment as Organizer for Physical Training for the Southampton Local Education Authority; Mr. G. W. Dyson, Lecturer in Classics,

WESSEX

on his appointment as Lecturer at Westfield College; Dr. D. V. N. Hardy, Assistant Lecturer in Chemistry, on his appointment to a post in the Government Research Laboratory at Teddington. Dr. Hardy is an old student of the College, having originally secured a scholarship to the College from the Isle of Wight; in his work at Teddington he is following Mr. F. E. Ladhams, who, with another old Isle of Wight student of the College, Mr. C. E. C. Nicholls, has been appointed to the technical staff of British Industrial Solvents at Hull. Another old member of the College, Mr. C. A. Joyce, has been appointed Deputy Governor of Durham County Prison.

Among distinctions gained by the present members of the staff, we may mention the degree of D.Phil. conferred by the University of Oxford on Mr. S. J. Crawford, Head of the Department of English Language and Comparative Philology, who has also been elected a Member of the Mediaeval Academy of America, the election to a Fellowship of King's College, London, of Professor A. A. Cock, Head of the Department of Education, and the election to a Fellowship of the Royal Society of Literature of Professor V. de S. Pinto, Head of the Department of English Literature.

There have been several new appointments to the Staff during the year: Mr. A. Tomlinson, M.Sc. (Econ.), as Secretary of the Extra-Mural Department; Mr. H. T. Harry, B.Sc., as Lecturer in the Department of Education; Mr. W. A. Laidlaw, M.A., as Assistant Lecturer in Classics; Mr. A. J. Vogel, D.Sc., as Assistant Lecturer in Chemistry; Mr. Vogel, has, until recently, held a Beit Research Fellowship at the Imperial College of Science in the University of London. The Hon. J. F. A. Browne, an old Wykehamist, has been appointed Administrative Secretary to the College.

It is gratifying to be able to record that at the opening of the session the improved financial position of the College enabled Council to put into operation the 'interim' salary scale for Members of the Staff, adopted in principle last Summer. This action brings the salaries of the Staff of University College, Southampton into line with those paid in other provincial University institutions, and there can be little doubt that it will add considerably to the prestige and status of the University College.

An interesting ceremony took place last summer in the Assembly Hall of the College, when the President, Mr. C. G. Montefiore, M.A., D.D., D.Litt., was presented with a volume entitled *Speculum Religiosis*, being a collection of essays written by members of the Staff, and edited by Professors A. A. Cock and V. de S. Pinto. The gift was in celebration of the President's seventieth birthday, and also as a tribute to the notable work he has done for the College over so many years. A short review of this book, by Dr. H. Wildon Carr, appears on p. 108.

* * * *

The activities of the students have been varied and interesting. The annual Inter-Varsity Debate was held in January, on the subject: 'That War is an inevitable by-product of modern civilization'. Representatives from fourteen Universities were present.

The Stage Society produced *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney* with great success, and the Choral and Orchestral Society performed *The Pirates of Penzance* to crowded and enthusiastic houses.

A Rowing Club has lately been formed, through the generosity of two members of the Staff, who made it possible for boats to be bought. It is hoped soon to have a race against one of the 'Fours' of Winchester College.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, SOUTHAMPTON

The College platoon, in connection with the local Territorial Force, has been revived.

The Annual Athletic Sports were held most successfully on May 3rd, on the Athletic Ground.

* * * * *

With regard to finance, the increase in income is very satisfactory. The income for the year 1929-30 was almost £46,000 and the estimated income for 1930-1 is nearly £51,000. This is largely accounted for by the encouraging increase in the grants of rate-aid by various local authorities. The Borough of Southampton has increased its annual contribution by £2,000 bringing its total yearly grant up to £11,000 while the Hampshire County Council has this year increased its annual grant of £1,500 to £4,000 per annum, and the Borough of Bournemouth has given a grant, for the first time, of £1,400 per annum, and the Isle of Wight one of £250 per annum. A deputation, headed by His Grace the Duke of Wellington, recently waited upon the County Council of Dorset, to solicit rate-aid from Dorset.

The position as regards capital is not nearly so satisfactory. The College is committed to a capital expenditure of £34,000 on development, during the next few years, and to an additional £50,000 for the men's new Hall of Residence, while gifts and promises only amount to some £18,000, spread over the next ten years. There is need for a vigorous campaign, and for a very generous response, if the College is to be enabled to continue the development that is necessary to meet the demands for education that are being made upon it, and if University status is to be secured in the near future. There has been much generous support in the last year; the business men and residents of Southampton have contributed £30,000; a gift of £14,000 from an anonymous donor made the completion of the women's new Hall at Highfield possible; one of £8,000, also anonymous, has paid for the Zoological and Geological laboratories now in course of erection; £5,000 from the President and Mrs. Montefiore purchased the freehold of the athletic ground of ten and a half acres, and a further anonymous £3,500 will provide a pavilion.

The object of the Appeal Campaign, now being conducted throughout Wessex, is to obtain the interest and sympathy of all those to whom the cause of education is dear, and of all lovers of Wessex, in the work and aims of University College. A scheme of 'Friends of the College' is being established on a wide scale, whereby 'Friends of the College' can be enrolled who will undertake to spread knowledge of the Wessex University movement as widely as possible. When the interest and sympathy of friends is secured, it is hoped that they will all, according to their several means, do something towards the establishment of University College on a firm financial basis, and thereby crown the educational system of the district with a University worthy of the great traditions of Wessex.

THE NEW HIGHFIELD HALL

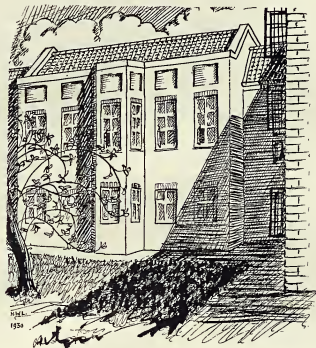
A LANDMARK on the eastern side of Southampton Common is soon to disappear. The old Highfield Hall will soon vanish to discover its younger counterpart which has already risen behind it. The significance of this replacement is not merely one of development; it is the old order changing, a symbol of the march of the times and of the growth of University College, Southampton.

The history of the building now known as Highfield Hall is difficult to trace. The older part, marked at the back by its slated walls, appears to have been erected either late in the 18th or early in the 19th century; it was then called the 'old Manor of Highfield'. It was surrounded by extensive grounds which on the south adjoined the McCalmont property now occupied by Taunton's School playground, and on the north side very few houses stood. On the east, fields and woods sloped towards Portswood, the only road leading in that direction being Highfield Lane, then a lane indeed, narrow, winding and bordered on each side by trees and high hedges. Somewhat later the name 'Highfield' was dropped and the estate generally spoken of as 'Heatherdene', a reminiscence of which is found in Heatherdene Road, a turning out of Highfield Lane.

About thirty-five years ago, on the death of the owner Mrs. Rogers, the property was purchased by Mr. Gudgeon, of Winchester, who added a block somewhat larger than the original house, and opened it as a residential hotel, changing its name to 'Highfield Mansion'. This new block comprised a fine mahogany-pannelled dining room seating over seventy persons and commanding beautiful views of the Common; leading from it a large lounge was constructed. Above, twelve good bedrooms were built, below, a billiard room only a few feet smaller than the dining room. Mr. Gudgeon also added the winter garden to be used as a recreation room, and laid out tennis courts in the field where now stands the central block of the new Hall of Residence.

A few years before, the estate had begun to be cut up, and the roads made on either side of the house were named Khartoum and Omdurman in memory of recent events in the Soudan War.

At Mr. Gudgeon's death, the house was sold and the new owner being a minor the management was left in the hands of executors, who allowed the house to remain unoccupied for five years. During this period of neglect both old and new parts rapidly deteriorated, some parts were attacked by dry rot and the grounds became a wilderness of weeds and tangled shrubs. But even when it was in this derelict condition the late Dr. Alex. Hill, who had accepted the office of Principal of University College, saw its possibilities and, being anxious to establish a centre of social life for students and staff, he rented the house on a long lease and began its renovation. This was a long and very expensive undertaking, but finally the house was furnished and at the beginning of 1914 re-opened under the name of Highfield Hall. The old part was used as Dr. Hill's private dwelling house, and in the new a few men members of the staff and students were accommodated. The social life, inaugurated in February, 1914, by a crowded evening reception, included dances for students in the 'ball room' over the old stables. Sunday afternoon 'at Homes', where staff and students might meet, and 'Hall' dinners once a week to which members of the College staff other than the residents were invited.



The Central Block



The Dining Hall

THE NEW HIGHFIELD HALL



THE NEW HIGHFIELD HALL

On the outbreak of the war, this useful and pleasant intercourse suddenly came to an end, and Dr. Hill offered the Hall as it stood to the Red Cross Society, while he and his family retired to the adjoining house in Khartoum Road. There, in the scanty leisure left from his College work and his various war activities, which at times included the charge of patients on a hospital ship, he continued to improve the garden and grow rare and beautiful flowers which gave intense pleasure to the wounded men. As the war went on, the number of patients increased, until at times over 120 men were received, the convalescents having beds in a large marquee on the lawn. A few cases requiring open air treatment were housed in a shelter open to the south, the work of amateurs. The billiard room was turned into an excellent operating theatre.

Meanwhile the beginning of a hostel for women students had been made. In September 1917, Taunton House, 50 Westwood Road, was opened by the present Warden, and nineteen students came into residence. To meet the demand for more places, the next house was taken and in 1918 the number increased to forty. At the conclusion of the war, Dr. Hill decided not to return to Highfield Hall, and as the number of applicants desiring admission was still increasing the College Council determined to remove the Hostel from Westwood Road to the Hall, and in September, 1919, this was done, the required number of places being made up by the erection of a military hut in the garden. Because of the difficulty of obtaining labour at that time, the students had to be admitted a few at a time, the first comers sleeping in the north end of the hut before the sections which were to complete it had left the College grounds.

It was not until December, 1919, that Highfield Hall can be said to have begun its corporate life. Then by using every available space, even the open air shelter which had been boarded in, over seventy women students were accommodated. Many were the inconveniences of the immediate post-war period, but a happy hostel life was developing and these were disregarded. All who have shared in that life will ever remember the many acts of kindness shown them by Dr. Hill whose memory will always be associated with the name of Highfield Hall.

And now this old Hall has to go. In the eastern end of the grounds a new Hall of Residence designed by Lieut.-Col. Gutteridge has been erected, modern, convenient, built expressly for its purpose and free from the disadvantages of a converted building. The new Hall is built on three sides of a square, the wings reaching out towards the Common, Southampton's most beautiful possession. The central block comprises a library on the ground floor, with a dining hall above it; behind the library are the kitchens, to which the serving room on the first floor is connected by means of an electric lift. Above the Kitchen wing are the quarters for the domestic staff, and the upper floor here has been designed as a sick bay.

The two wings contain the students' quarters with the necessary offices and 'cubby-holes' for tea-making; the study-bedrooms are of good size, are light and well ventilated. On the ground floor at the end of each wing is a common room facing towards the gardens, which will take the place of the old Hall, and towards the grass and trees of the Common.

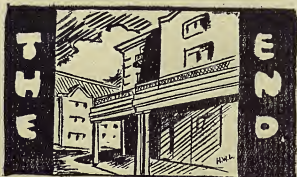
This great building, of red brick with a Roman tile roof, is fitted throughout with casement windows with lead lights. The fittings of the library, like the fittings and floor of the dining hall (this last being laid for dancing) are all of oak. An oil-burning central heating plant, controlled by automatic thermostatic devices, will provide heat for the whole Hall, a heat readily and conveniently adjusted to the season's needs and

WESSEX

to the comfort of the inhabitants. It is unnecessary to add that there are suitable quarters for the Warden, Vice-Warden and Matron.

While the new Highfield Hall shines for the moment as the brightest star in the College's residential constellation, it will soon have a rival in the new Hall of Residence for Men, plans for which have already been passed. This new men's Hall is to be built in the kitchen gardens of South Stoneham House. The latter, a fine William and Mary mansion designed by Sir Hans Sloane, is fortunately not to disappear, and its charming grounds will be available for the students living in both Halls, the old and the new.

This present note, which unfortunately must read rather like a specification, will make it clear, the writer hopes, that while University College, Southampton, has been called upon to make additional provision for a rapidly increasing number of students, it is in no hurried nor precipitate fashion that accommodation is being provided. Many, no doubt, will regret the disappearance of the old Highfield Hall, but all who have seen its modern successor will agree that without being frankly utilitarian and nothing more, without being ugly in any sense, it fulfils modern requirements as the old Hall could never do. At the same time the skill of the design promises well for the beauty and convenience of the new Hall for men.



THE FIRST UNIVERSITY HALL OF RESIDENCE

IT is not generally known that the Wessex area was the pioneer in one most important aspect of English university education. It is, of course, a commonplace that the mediaeval university arose from voluntary congregations of learners who gathered to listen to popular teachers in law, physic, and divinity, and thus developed the *studium generale*. But soon there grew up within the university, first in Paris and then in Oxford, the system of residential halls, at first voluntary associations of students living together for convenience, but, later, definite foundations established and endowed by some pious benefactor, and destined to become an integral part of university education as developed in England. The first of these English university colleges was founded in Salisbury.

In the year 1238 there occurred one of those migrations from Oxford, of which an earlier example had done much to strengthen—if not, as some think, to found—the University of Cambridge.¹ In that year the papal legate, Otto, had excommunicated the scholars of Oxford in retaliation for an attack made by some of them on him while a guest at the neighbouring abbey of Osney. This led to a dispersal of the students, some of whom migrated to Northampton, while ‘others chose the new city of Salisbury for the university’.² It was during the presumably short period when Salisbury was a university town that two ‘houses’ were founded, for the earlier of which it may well be claimed that it is the earliest foundation of its kind in England. In Oxford the House of Balliol Scholars existed in June 1266, though its statutes and charters followed later; Merton was adumbrated by the foundation of Walter Merton in 1264, but this college was at first an endowed house at Malden in Surrey, which managed estates, the revenues of which were to be devoted to supporting twenty students at Oxford and elsewhere. Merton College in Oxford dates from 1274. University College, Oxford, may claim that the bequest of William of Durham, in 1249, to the university was ultimately used to establish the society from which it grew, but this did not

¹ Ann. 1209, Rogeri de Wendover *Chron.* (Rolls Series, No. 84), ii. 51.

² T. Walsingham, *Ypodigma Neutriae* (Rolls Series, No. 28, Vol. vii.), 141. The University of Northampton continued till 1265, when it was suppressed by royal decree (Close Roll, 49 Henr. III, m. 10d., printed in A. F. Leach, *Educational Charters and Documents*, (Cambridge, 1911) p. 162.

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take place till 1280.¹ It was in 1262 that the House of the Valley Scholars at Salisbury was founded.

'We, Giles, by the sufferance of God bishop of Salisbury'—so runs the foundation charter—to the honour of the same Lord, the glorious Virgin Mary and the Blessed Nicholas, for the health of our soul and for the souls of our benefactors and all of those for whom we are under whatsoever title or manner bound, have thought fit to found, establish, build and construct a house for the use and ownership of scholars, which shall be called the house of the Valley Scholars of the Blessed Nicholas, for ever, with the consent and assent of Sir Robert, dean, and the chapter of Salisbury, of the master and brethren of the Blessed Nicholas's Hospital of Salisbury, in a meadow near the cathedral church of Salisbury and the king's way in front of the said hospital, for the perpetual reception and maintenance of a warden for the time being, two chaplains and 20 poor, needy, well-behaved and teachable scholars serving God and the Blessed Nicholas there, and there, living, studying and becoming proficient in the Holy Scriptures and the liberal arts'.

The house was to be under the governance of a warden, who was to have 'full power of correction both in temporal and spiritual matters within the circuit of the same house . . . saving to those aggrieved a right of appeal to the dean' of the cathedral church. The dean and chapter were made patrons of the house after the demise of the existing warden, Sir John Holtby, canon of Salisbury—a provision which suggests that the institution was already in existence when the charter was granted. The name of the house was borrowed from Paris, where the 'Maison de l'Ordre du Val des Escoliers' had been established, about 1228, by the religious order of that name, whose founder was an English master of Paris University, but there seems to have been no other connection with the French institution.

The House of the Valley Scholars was remembered in the will of Robert of Careville, treasurer of Salisbury, who, amongst many divers bequests, left half a mark to each of the scholars, and all his cooking-utensils and his spoons to the house.² This was in 1267, and in 1296 a visitation of the house was held by the dean and chapter,³ but after this we can find no trace of it. In 1238, however, another college or hall of resid-

¹ See C. E. Mallet, *A History of the University of Oxford* (London, 1924), i. 83-5.

² *Charters and Documents of the Cathedral City and Diocese of Salisbury*, ed. by W. R. Jones (Rolls Series, No. 9), 334-6.

³ *Ibid.*, 344-5.

⁴ *Ibid.*, 368-9.

THE FIRST UNIVERSITY HALL OF RESIDENCE

ence for thirteen students in theology was founded in Salisbury by Walter de la Wyle, bishop of Salisbury, under the title of the House of the Scholars of St. Edmund. The new house, for which a new church was built and a new parish created, was placed under the control of a provost appointed by the bishop and his successors, or, during a vacancy in the see, by the dean and chapter. The founder provided that both provost and students should be plainly dressed in clothes of one colour: all were to take their meals in the refectory, and were to sleep in a common dormitory unless excused owing to illness or other just cause. The religious observances of the house were prescribed in detail, and the responsibility of the whole administration of the house, including catering and the provision of clothes for the students, was left in the hands of the provost. For this purpose an endowment of twenty marks a year was appropriated from the resources of the church of Winterbourne Whitchurch.¹

Of this house we have no further mention, and presumably both it and that of the Valley Scholars disappeared when the town ceased to be a university centre. When this happened we do not know, but the last mention of the students as a whole is in 1278, when a dispute arose between the chancellor and the sub-dean of Salisbury as to the jurisdiction over 'the scholars living in Salisbury for the sake of pursuing their studies'. Finally it was agreed that the chancellor should have control over all civil and personal actions in which a student of the university was concerned, but that the sub-dean should have jurisdiction over crimes concerned with matters pertaining to the cure of souls.²

K. H. VICKERS.

¹ *Ibid.*, 346-9.

² *Salisbury Liber Rubrum*, f. 99, printed in Rashdall, *Universities of Europe in the Middle Ages* (Oxford, 1895), II., ii. 765-6.



THE HOUSE OF THE VALLEY SCHOLARS AT SOUTHAMPTON

IT is now nine years since the Council of University College Southampton then under the wise and far-seeing direction of the present Vice-Chancellor of Bristol University and of Dr. C. G. Montefiore (still, happily, our own President) purchased the house in the Valley of the Itchen at Swaythling known as South Stoneham House. This beautiful residence was originally built by the Sloane family in the time of William and Mary, and was for many years occupied by Sir Samuel Montagu, first Baron Swaythling. It then became the first residential hall for men at Southampton; a hall for women students had previously been established in the former residence of Dr. Alex Hill, one time Principal of the College, at Highfield Hall. The women students have thus been housed upon a hill but the men students have indeed revived the old association of Wessex with its house of the Valley Scholars by the foundation of South Stoneham House. Nor are the present foundations at Highfield and South Stoneham alien in spirit to that established at Salisbury in 1262.¹ The present students in our halls of residence may not perhaps be as 'poor and needy' as their forerunners but they are as 'well behaved and teachable', learning to serve God in Church and State and becoming proficient in the liberal arts and in all branches of modern and godly learning. It cannot indeed be said that the modern Wardens enjoy those 'powers of correction both in temporal and spiritual matters within the circuit of the house' possessed by Sir John Holtby but their powers are perhaps not less real though exercised in more subtle and less obvious ways! The common meal in College refectory and in hall is still cardinal to the residential life of the scholars but modern requirements have led to the substitution of study-bedrooms for the common dormitory. South Stoneham possesses, too, the equivalent of a college chapel in the facilities it enjoys in the parish church of St. Mary which stands within its grounds.

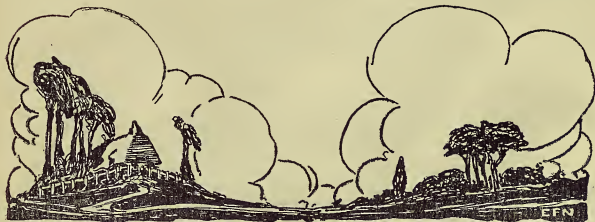
What a hostel or residential hall stands for above all else is the corporate life: the life lived in common, with a common end in view, the preparation for a future life of service in the common weal. Such a life is a life of study—in library, common rooms and private rooms; it is a life of strenuous and free interaction of a great range of intellectual, practical and scientific pursuits; a life of joyous and buoyant physical

¹ See the preceding article by the Principal of University College.

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activities and adventure ; a life in which enduring friendships and companionships are formed and in which personality is unfolded, integrated, and enriched. Important and far-reaching as is the contact between the mind of the student and that of his teachers in the lecture-room, still more important in this integration of personality is the daily intercourse between man and man in the common room, the library, the refectory. Teacher and taught alike learn of one another through the informal but vital comradeship of the table and the chase as much as, and in many respects even more than in the real but more formal companionship of the lecture-room. The spiritual significance of a university lies indeed not in its lectures and academic administration but rather in its life ; it is a society of scholars not a system of schedules ; a society not a place—though it must be a society in a place, a place of its own. The need of Wessex therefore, and the need of England is for a new generation of pious benefactors with vision and generosity not less than that of our fathers of old, a new William of Wykeham, a new Walter de Merton, a new William of Durham. We have already one House of the Valley Scholars, but there are yet a hundred or more 'poor needy well-behaved and teachable scholars' for whom house room must be found in 1931, for whom another House in the Valley, hard by the present South Stoneham House must be built. Is there no one in Hampshire, Wilts, Dorset or Sussex to heed the call ?

ALBERT A. COCK.



THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

' . . . is within you '.

THEY tell me Christ was born to-day,
And that He died this evening, born
In hidden places where men pray,
And dying on the hill of scorn.

Because—they say—this man was God,
There is no measure to His pain,
But, as when ancient earth He trod,
To-day He lives and dies again.

The everlasting moment fills
The universe, and it is now
That God walks on the sharp brown hills,
And feels the thorns about His brow.

Now in my life He lives and dies ;
For I am He, and I betray
The Christ I am with kiss that lies,
And I deny Him every day.

When Judas in me sells my Lord,
The Christ in me is scourged and crowned;
I know the piercing of the sword,
The spears of life that fence me round.

But it is I who mock that death,
That one immortal sacrifice ;
And, as the Christ draws His last breath,
Be sure I shall deny Him thrice.

For all are one : the broken man,
The Lord arisen from the tomb,
The child that laughed and played and ran,
The babe that moved in Mary's womb,

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

The thief that prayed, the thief that cursed,
The soldiers standing easy there,
The best disciple, and the worst,
The world that gazed, and did not care—

All, all are one. The whole is life,
Which in its being seems to move,
With inward never-ending strife,
To something that is yet to prove—

The undiscovered dreamed-of end
Beyond our sight, in what far land
We have not heard; the unknown friend
Who, more than we, shall understand

What we desire; the magic word
To lift the darkness in the mind,
That we may see and know our Lord,
And fear no longer, as the blind

Feared until on their lids there came
The touch of Christ, the edge of light,
And men like trees in air like flame
Walked in a blinding world of sight.

R. A. HODGSON.



HAS SCIENCE MADE US HAPPIER ?

THE Editor has asked me to write on the theme 'Has Science made us Happier?' I am not going to discuss what is meant by happiness, for I know no more about that than anybody else. But I may consider what is meant by science. In that connection, as affecting the populace, it is the applications of science that are probably thought of. The invention of the steam-engine and the introduction of power-driven machinery are direct consequences of increased scientific knowledge, and most people when they use the term 'science' mean something of that kind.

There has recently been broadcast a history of what is called 'the industrial revolution', which began apparently towards the end of the eighteenth century, and came to its climax in the nineteenth. The old scattered handworkers were displaced, the factory system was introduced, and people left the land to flock into the towns, to take their place each as a cog in a complicated machine, with division of labour, so that no one completed a finished product, but each contributed a small portion, and usually the same portion, day in day out, for a great part of their lives. Whether this routine work made them happier, by setting them free to think of other things during their merely manual labour, I do not know: it certainly was not calculated to that end. The aim was greater productivity, and for the most part ignored human welfare. Men, women, and children became part of the factory machinery. Some of the operations were so simple, and by constant repetition the workers became so skilful, that ignorant and otherwise helpless people could be employed; and children were to a large extent enslaved. Indeed, the whole population ran some danger in this direction, had not the conditions been so dispiriting that a revolt against it began; trade unions could no longer be suppressed, but on the contrary became gradually strong and influential. This, though a necessary, was not a happy result, for it began an era of conflict and distrust between operatives and employers, instead of the co-operation and recognition of mutual benefit, which is now at length being recognized as the only salutary condition.

Undoubtedly production increased enormously, and our export trade began to flourish. Indeed, export of manufactured goods soon became a necessity, in order to provide food for the increased number of people: some of the land that could have supported them was not cultivated. Ocean commerce became essential to livelihood, and the steamship greatly

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increased the range of our imports. But, in spite of the increase of riches, the inequality of possession tended, on the whole, to increase distress ; and it has taken a long time for the Poor Law and other systems of relief to adjust their methods to the new conditions : indeed, that adjustment has not even now been accomplished, notwithstanding the efforts that are being made in that direction. It may be said that the country became both richer and poorer ; richer in commodities and the means of production, poorer in a sane and healthy human life. That also is in process of being mended now. The demand for leisure and for increased opportunities of education is becoming more vigorous every year : so that out of the turmoil of the nineteenth century we are beginning to see signs of hope.

Unfortunately the rapid advance of scientific knowledge could be applied, not only to industry, but also to military operations. The Army itself is becoming mechanized and chemicalized. There has been not only a revolution in industry, but in warfare ; and the result of that is too well known.

It is useless to hold science responsible for any of these things : increase of knowledge in itself must be good. The use that people make of it is an affair, not of science, but of the good or ill will of mankind. If our aim is mutual destruction, the means are forthcoming, and only await the will to use them. Fortunately the evil has now been at length internationally recognized, and there is good hope in that direction also. No one can be crazy enough to suppose that the application of science to destructive purposes has increased happiness.

Leaving this obvious side of the question, and returning to the industrial conditions, it is manifest that the applications of science have largely changed the face of the country. The great towns of the north have been blackened by them ; and, though at one time, say in 1851, the hope was expressed that England would become the workshop of the world, there were not wanting prophets, such as Carlyle and Ruskin, who preached against such an ideal. Food must come out of the soil, agricultural operations must somewhere be conducted ; it is the only method of utilizing solar energy for the sustenance of life. And there has been a great increase in scientific knowledge on this side also, though not yet has chemical and biological science been applied to anything like the extent that is possible. Those prophets told us, and I doubt not they were right, that the more natural conditions associated with cultivation of the soil would conduce to increased happiness. It seemed a poor ambition

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to leave these privileges to the foreigner, and to debar our own people from their rightful share.

Here, for instance, is an extract from Mr. Ruskin :

All England may, if it so chooses, become one manufacturing town ; and Englishmen, sacrificing themselves to the good of general humanity, may live diminished lives in the midst of noise, of darkness, and of deadly exhalation. But the world cannot become a factory, nor a mine. No amount of ingenuity will ever make iron digestible by the million, nor substitute hydrogen for wine . . . so long as men live by bread, the far away valleys must laugh as they are covered with the gold of God, and the shouts of His happy multitudes ring round the wine-press and the well.

When these things were uttered, as they were in the *Cornhill Magazine* some seventy or eighty years ago, they sounded to the people of that day crazy. An outcry arose against the articles, and they were suppressed. But here is more wisdom from the same source :

What is chiefly needed in England at the present day is to show the quantity of pleasure that may be obtained by a consistent well-administered competence, modest, confessed, and laborious. We need examples of people who, leaving heaven to decide whether they are to rise in the world, decide for themselves that they will be happy in it, and have resolved to seek, not greater wealth, but simpler pleasure ; not higher fortune, but deeper felicity ; making the first of possessions, self-possession ; and honouring themselves in the harmless pride and calm pursuits of peace.

The nineteenth century mainly emphasized the advantages of increased production, while the use that was to be made of the products of industry, or the wealth that might result from it, was left mainly unattended to. Mr. Ruskin urged that

the prosperity of any nation is in exact proportion to the quantity of labour which it spends in obtaining and employing means of life : . . . not merely wisely producing, but wisely distributing and consuming . . . consumption absolute is the end, crown, and perfection of production ; and wise consumption is a far more difficult art than wise production. Twenty people can gain money for one who can use it ; and the vital question, for individual and for nation, is never ' how much do they make ? ' but ' to what purpose do they spend ? '

Well, our national spending at the present time is mainly absorbed, either in preparation for defence, or as interest on the enormous burden of past wars. Very little is available for expenditure in happy and educative and really human directions. That is a sad chapter, and the present generation will not see it closed.

But now, if we cease from thinking about the applications of science—or rather, perhaps, its misapplications—and consider science itself, we shall have a different story to tell. Properly applied, even its applications

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have been beneficent. The bicycle and the motor-car are applications of scientific knowledge, and surely, on the whole, they have increased the sum of human happiness. So have electric light and wireless telegraphy ; and the new possibility of flying through the air seems to be enjoyed by the young people who take part in it.

Education has hardly advanced sufficiently for discoveries in pure science to be thoroughly appreciated, as some day they may be. Yet people have shown themselves keenly interested in recent discoveries, such as those about the structure of the atom and other abstract and rather recondite subjects, which arouse the utmost enthusiasm in those able to pursue them. The science of astronomy has enlarged our conception of the universe far beyond the ideas of any previous generation ; and this of itself, when properly grasped, must surely add to the joy of life. Even while new facts can only be apprehended with difficulty, there is some joy in learning. And, as soon as apprehension becomes easier and intellectual effort is mitigated, there must be a refined pleasure in contemplation, such as the multitude can only obtain now from the resources of art and music. Science has not yet reached that state ; it is comparatively of recent growth ; but that stage must come, and surely we may have faith that greater knowledge of the universe in which we live, fuller realization of the part that we and other living creatures are privileged to take in it, and deeper certainty of life's beneficent purpose, will assuredly tend towards the evolution of a sane and wholesome and permanent joy.

OLIVER LODGE.



THE FOUNTAIN

by V. DE S. PINTO

IN the midst of darkness there is a bright Fountain,
tossing always its splendour high towards heaven ;
sometimes it seems a slender shaft, a tall column,
then changes to a flower, a golden lily of light,
then a slim nymph unveiling shining breast and thigh,
always changing a quenchless spring of loveliness.

I was born in darkness among the shadow-folk ;
I am only a shadow in the old dim forest
that sleeps around the Fountain, yet I have dreamt that I
one day might dare to leave this world of death and night,
might dare to plunge into the living spring of light.

I have dreamt that I came forth a radiant shape endu'd
with the life-giving beauty of the shining waters.
I came into the forest, and as I shook bright drops
out of my hair, a trail of light ran through the gloom
and spread like a flood of fire up to the murky sky
turning it to heavenly blue, and on the old dry boughs
a million green and golden shoots flamed and a choir
of all the birds of the world burst into starry song,
and children with bright hair ran laughing thro' the glades
among a wilderness of dewy delicate flowers,
moonlight colour'd and silver, purple, azure and gold.

This is only a dream, and I am still a shadow
among the shadow-folk in the dead dark forest
but the Fountain is no dream. Still in virgin splendour
it proudly shines, and I still see and adore its presence,
always changing a quenchless spring of loveliness.

NATURAL SCIENCE IN THE SECONDARY SCHOOL

A LITTLE more than ten years ago a committee of eminent men appointed to inquire into the position of natural science in education found it necessary to open the introduction to their report with the remark : ' Not for the first time, our educational conscience has been stung by the thought that we are as a nation neglecting science '. Since that time much has been done to further the study of science, both in the secondary school and at the university. No one, it is supposed, will now question the wisdom of this ; and few will deny the desirability of more effort still in this direction.

The growth of movements is rapid in these days. The movement to secure for science the recognition which it deserves and requires in our schools is of comparatively very recent growth. Not until 1864 was attention drawn to its neglect by the Royal Commission on the nine Public Schools, and the recommendation made that all boys should receive instruction in some branch of natural science during part at least of their school career. At the very time when this inquiry was being made, ' the only instruction in science at one of the greatest schools in England was given on Saturday afternoons by a visiting teacher, and his meagre apparatus was stored in so damp a cupboard that his experiments usually broke down. It is not surprising that the head master of this school told the Commissioners that " instruction in physical sciences was, except for those who had a taste for them and intended to pursue them as amateurs or professionally, practically worthless " '.

Much later than this the situation, though it showed some improvement, was extremely unsatisfactory. Well within the present century a novelist could write with truth of a junior science master who became ' almost delirious with joy at having discovered a boy who loved science for its own sake and not merely because the pursuit thereof excused him from Latin verse '. Not much earlier the steps taken in certain schools to introduce the teaching of science were halting and uncertain, the work was done under great difficulties, and was regarded with jealousy by the staffs, with contempt by the boys, and with indifference by the parents.

It can now be said that the subject has won an honoured place in the curriculum of all Public and secondary schools. The causes of this advance are many, and some are not difficult to identify. Possibly first should be placed the efforts of gifted and enthusiastic teachers within the schools. Such pioneers—as is the case with almost all pioneers—had to

endure a good deal of contumely, but were fortified by their faith and far-sightedness. Many of them now see the partial flowering of the plant whose seed they sowed.

Again, schools are bound to reflect public interest to some extent. At about the time that the struggle began, the work of men like Darwin, Kelvin, Tyndall, Spencer, and Huxley had commenced to arouse popular interest in science, and a demand to know more about it. More books—apart from formal text-books—made their appearance, and were eagerly read.

During these years, however, secondary education was within the reach of but few in the case of boys, and hardly existed for girls. A few big Public Schools educated a limited number of boys, and the old, and mostly small, grammar schools were sparsely distributed over the country. In both cases, boys were either denied science teaching altogether or were discouraged from pursuing it unless they had shown incapacity for classics or mathematics.

While these schools remained under the classical tradition, another group of schools arose under the old Science and Art Department, and these made the serious mistake of fostering science—taught, as we now see, on the wrong lines and with the wrong aims—to the exclusion of literature. Much has been done since to unite the two weak educational streams into a strong current in all kinds of secondary schools. But it is sometimes held that, in some cases, the older schools have not been entirely freed from all their prejudices, and that many of the newer schools have missed some of their opportunities.

The true educationist, when considering the right of any subject to a place in the time-table, asks, not so much what the utility-value of it will be in the after-career of the pupil, but what its value is in training the mind and in moulding the character. A committee of the British Association, dealing with the subject of the teaching of science, in 1866, drew the valuable distinction between scientific information and scientific training. This, by no means the only instance of its kind when a somewhat revolutionary and important truth is put forward, has been lost sight of again and again. But it may now be claimed that not only those who are directly concerned with the teaching of science, but also all educationists, professional and otherwise, are becoming alive to the value of the subject in opening the mind, training the judgment, stirring the imagination, and cultivating a spirit of reverence.

The battle—if so it may be termed—between those who advocate the value of classics and those who urge the claims of science is still being

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waged in some quarters. The topic still gives occasional relief to the secretaries of many school debating societies when drafting their programmes. But the truth is that there is no occasion for battle. The two subjects are in many respects complementary. No scientist in his senses would seek to deprecate the proven value of classics; and it is to be hoped that no classic would deny the value of science, quite apart from its utility value. The humanizing influence of science, properly taught, has been much obscured in the past; but it is now being realized that its human interest can and must be developed side by side with its material and mechanical aspects.

We have learnt at great cost how necessary science is in war, both in offence and defence. We hope that the scientific equipment of our nation will not be called upon again to serve these objects. How it can contribute to the prosperity of industries and trade, and how it can bring prosperity and power to the individual or the nation, all are ready to admit. Whether or not actual warfare between great nations is now a thing of the past, commercial warfare is bound to continue, and the stress of international competition is bound to be intensified. The nation in which the scientific attainments of its experts, or, indeed, of its rank and file, do not continue to advance is doomed to be beaten in the commercial struggle, and will have to pay very dearly for its neglect. The work of the scientist underlies every commodity offered for sale, and is at the root of all material progress. It will be continuously called upon to solve world-problems such as that of the future supply of energy. There is no doubt that the present supplies of coal and oil are by no means inexhaustible. We are spending our irreplaceable capital and, possibly very few generations hence, our descendants will find that almost all mechanical locomotion and transport and most manufactures will cease, unless scientists have devised means of trapping and using the daily energy-revenue from the sun, or are able otherwise to obtain large supplies of energy.

These statements are incontrovertible. But the present purpose is to estimate the value of science to our adolescents in equipping them 'to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously the offices both public and private of peace and war'—though many will now desire to see the omission of the last two words from Milton's definition. It is relevant to remember that the percentage in the secondary schools of pupils who will ultimately proceed to universities and similar institutions is small.

Science has several distinct kinds of educational value, some of which are confined to it. It can arouse and satisfy the element of wonder in our natures. No one would assert that this cannot be done by works of art

of all kinds, without the purview of formal science; but there are some directions in which alone a knowledge of science can do it. A tree, taken as a whole, is an object of wonder to a contemplative mind; but to anyone having some knowledge of the marvellous life-processes going on in the leaves and other parts, the sense of wonder, and, indeed, of reverence, is greatly heightened.

As an intellectual exercise in affording discipline to the powers of mind, it shares with other subjects such advantages as its insistence upon precision, accuracy, and extreme care. To many, the statement that a thorough training in classics may give a man a mental equipment which would be of the greatest assistance to him in, say, organizing a large business concern appears to be fantastic. But experience has shown it to be true. Science, however, stands alone, in that it offers appeal to experiment in order to test theories. The professors at Pisa taught the theory propounded by Aristotle (who did not appeal to experiment) nearly two thousand years previously that, if two weights were dropped, one of, say, ten pounds, the other of one pound, the former would fall ten times as fast as the latter. The youthful Galileo described this statement as nonsense. The professors said, 'But look—here it is written down quite plainly. Aristotle says so distinctly'. Galileo replied, 'But the weights don't say so. I'll show you'. To-day quite junior pupils can be given the scientific attitude of mind by, for example, a simple study of combustion. The ancient explanation, by the aid of Plato's assumption, may be placed before them, and they will suggest experiments to test it. On its being demolished, the phlogiston theory of Stahl—which for many years represented the most perfect generalization known to the best intellects of its day, and which, though subsequently exploded, served as a stimulus to much fine research—is then presented. It was regarded, not as a temporary hypothesis, but as a permanent acquisition, an enduring conquest of truth. To-day the word is but an empty symbol, and the testing experiments suggested by the pupils, together with an account of the work of Lavoisier and others, prove it so. The modern hypothesis is then dealt with, and as many experiments as possible are suggested and carried out in an attempt to discredit it. It is found to account for all of the known facts. But the teacher has failed in his purpose if he leaves his pupils with the attitude of mind: 'Those are the things they used to think; but now we *know* what the true explanation is'. They should be left at the standpoint: 'Much of what we consider best in the theories of to-day, including that under present notice, may to-morrow be rejected'. Of course, in our schools, the exigencies of the present examination system prevent the

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science master from giving full rein to this kind of training. His pupils will be expected to reproduce a considerable array of facts, and he, unfortunately, is judged in some quarters largely by the results achieved by them in answering half a dozen questions in a couple of hours or so. Nevertheless, science teaching has undergone a great change for the better during the last few years, and now goes far towards giving the kind of outlook described above.

Thus, science can quicken and cultivate directly the faculty of observation; it can teach the learner to reason from facts which come under his own notice, and to make rapid and accurate generalizations. Without it, there is the real danger of the mental habit of method and arrangement never being acquired. Those who have had much to do with the teaching of the young know that their worst foe is indolence, often not wilful, but due to the fact that curiosity has never been stimulated and the thinking powers never awakened. Memory has generally been cultivated, sometimes imagination; but those whose faculties can best be reached through external and sensible objects have been left or made dull by being expected to remember and appreciate without being allowed to see and criticize. In the science lesson, the eye and judgment should always be called upon for an effort, and, because the result is within the vision and appreciation of the pupil, he is encouraged as he seldom can be when he is dealing with literature. It has often been noticed that pupils, when they begin to learn science, receive an intellectual refreshment which makes a difference even to their literary work. And, in spite of some conservatism even among teachers of science themselves, it is incredible that the teaching of a subject whose life depends upon discovery can for long be sterilized.

Not much need be said as to the content of the science teaching in our schools. The advanced courses set up since the war enable the teaching of the subject to university scholarship—i.e. nearly to 'pass' degree—standard in many of our schools. And here it may be pointed out that, as business men in the north of England discovered years ago, a boy from one of our secondary schools who has remained until the age of eighteen or so, has passed through the sixth form, has had the advantage of an advanced course—it matters little in what subjects—and has taken some part in the government of the school, is an infinitely better, more efficient, and more mature individual than his fellow who leaves at sixteen. The cry of professional and business men used to be: 'Let us catch them young, and then we can teach them our business'. A man who controls a large business in the Midlands recently described those who leave at sixteen to

the writer by the possibly offensive, but expressive, term 'half-baked', and stated definitely that they are caught and passed within a few months by their brothers who have had the advantage of a further two years' training at possibly the most critical period of their lives.

It remains to note, with great satisfaction, the recent and rapid advance in the teaching of biology in the secondary schools. Botany has been taught—principally to girls—for many years, and generally with a view to examinations. But the whole subject is now seen to be forcing its way to the front. One difficulty at the moment is the dearth of teachers qualified in the subject, particularly in boys' schools. This problem should be solved within the next few years. It is thought that no one will deny the need for this teaching. It is the only opportunity offered to pupils to study something which is living and growing: it gives them a vastly increased interest in the objects seen daily on every hand, and begets a real sympathy with and reverence for the same: by implication it teaches them the 'facts of life' in the best possible way, and gives them a healthy and natural idea of sex: it is closely bound up with nutrition and with hygiene: and, to take lower ground, there is a ready market, especially in the Empire, for the trained and qualified biologist. Several of our great Public Schools are preparing for, or are already engaged in, the teaching of the subject to at least the same standard as that attained in chemistry and physics; and the last three years have seen much extension in this direction on the part of the secondary schools.

Finally, in many of the secondary schools, and principally in the sixth forms, attempts are being made to give the pupils something more than a nodding acquaintance with such subjects as astronomy and geology. The wisdom of this cannot be questioned, in spite of the already heavy pressure in the time-table. Some knowledge of the vastness of inter-stellar distances, of the almost inconceivable ages of geological time, and of the evidence, afforded by the rocks, of the extreme slowness and unerring certainty of the processes of evolution in plants and animals, will give a desire to acquire more information after leaving school, possibly a delightful hobby in after-life, a death-blow to a cramped parochial outlook, and a sense of perspective to the mind which will enable the individual to arrive at a saner and truer philosophy of life.

P. T. FREEMAN.

THE SIDHE

by R. A. HODGSON

WITHIN the space between the night and day
I saw the lordly riding of the Sidhe;
Soundless they streamed along the aery way,
And, as they passed, they turned and gazed on me.
They sang, their voices drifting down the wind,
'O sweet it is to ride or rest at will;
Sweet is that land where all are young and kind,
The everlasting burg beneath the hill.
'There dance the Hidden People all day long;
There sleep they in the scented moon-deep night;
And all their dreams are shapen into song,
And all their songs are muted with delight.
'No sorrow is there, only joy and peace
Within the fort of glass, where joyous words
Take form and in miraculous increase
Circle like clouds of golden singing-birds.
'There all things beautiful have endless life;
The music dies not, but dwells in the air
As in a shell, and all the world is rife
With sounds and shapes and colours wondrous fair.
'When will the sons of men cease to pursue
Cloud-shapes, and shifting lights, and vain desire'?—
'Who knows, brother?'—'Brother, I answer you:
When the last day comes with God's kiss of fire'.
Their distant voices, mingling, soared and sank;
The longing heart within me failed and died
To see the mists engulf them rank by rank,
In all their dim, pale glory and their pride.
I have no lust for things of old delight;
The neighbours say, with sidelong glance at me,
'Do not be crossing him that is not right,
Since once he saw the riders of the Sidhe'.

SOUTHAMPTON: SOME ASPECTS OF ITS GROWTH AND PROSPERITY

COMPARED with some phenomena of the organic world, ports often seem precarious growths. The passage of nations is often marked by the rise and fall of ports, by their fluctuations in power and fame. The shores of the seas are scattered with debris where ports have flourished; the sea-winds that brought vigour and prosperity have in time carried trade to other shores. Ports arise where great peoples, and great efforts, create and sustain them: they grow only on good soil and under favourable conditions; they continue only by continuous adaptation to changing needs.

In the past ports served relatively limited areas, their scope was at most regional. To-day, in the last resort, all ports are world-ports; they exist for, or in face of, world-competition. Corinth, Athens, Constantinople, Venice and Genoa as economic structures have changed or faded, not more in fact than in principle. For to-day the world in a new sense is a whole; a new order and balance is emerging. Extension, and development by extension, is as good as ended; 'intension', along with specialization, is left. Southampton, though old, is a port of the new world, an expression of a new world-order. Her rise was coincident with the emergence of a changed state of affairs; her future must lie with its future. For function—that is, service—is the essence of continuity for a port; and ports, to be great, besides perpetuating the past, must in some degree forestall the future.

Of natural advantages, the 'good soil', we have our share. Situated at a stream confluence and approached by a long sea-furrow, Southampton has a double door opening on a great maritime highway. Not far from the centre of Central South England or Wessex as a whole she stands at almost the exact centre of the most habitable portion of it. The economic bonds which link north-western France with southern and central England, as well as Southampton's peculiar 'apex' position in relation to east-west communications along the south coast, lend this position of centrality further significance so that it is basic to much of our modern growth. Deep and largely silt-free waters, double tides, and a sheltered position permit the largest vessels to approach open quay-sides and to come and go almost at will. The natural channel, already roomy, is being

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continually improved and widened, while the triangular dock-area—in origin a south-pointing confluence spit—gives a maximum of waterfrontage with minimum transshipment distances for persons and goods. Behind this commercial ‘spear-head’ the town, mounting gentle slopes, fills and overflows the larger triangle which lies between the Test and the Itchen. This triangle, however, is but one sector of the city of the future which will occupy probably a circle around a ‘trivium’ of rectified and improved waterways. Into the heart of this city these waterways will admit the sea with its traffic and along the banks will grow and extend the still nascent industrial areas. Provided thus internally with natural radial lines, Southampton has radiating from it outwards also a system of natural routes leading by easy gradients in all directions of commercial importance.

So long as Southampton was merely a channel port its prosperity was never secure. Its geographical advantages brought it fortune from time to time but its trade was jeopardized by political and commercial changes, by wars, piracy, the rivalry of other ports, and even by geographical discovery.¹ So long, moreover, as England ‘faced’ mainly east, London, the capital and strategic centre, held also a unique commercial position. From three segments of a circle land-lines led to and from her: upon the fourth, her ‘water-V’, converged maritime routes from the known world. With the rise of industrialism and of economic and population potential upon the Continent came the rise, or renaissance, of Hamburg, Rotterdam, Antwerp and similar ports and the progressive liberation of Continental trade from intermediate control. With the growing industrialization of north-eastern United States and eastern Canada came the intensification of trans-Atlantic traffic. An industrialized north Britain, with its corollary of ‘colonial’ raw-producing areas, demanded vigorous ports such as Liverpool, Glasgow, and others, and stimulated also the movement of British folk across the seas. England thus took a half-right turn; keeping open her doors to the Continent, she re-orientated herself towards the west and south. On world-routes she remained well placed, for these still had a north-east Atlantic focus or trend. Well forward as an outpost for enterprise, she now faced a larger world.

¹ In the seventeenth century the very basis of the port's modern success was held to be a permanent disadvantage. Southampton Water had few special attractions for vessels relying on sail, which found other Channel ports more convenient.



Diagram 1. Traffic Zone (outer and inner) of Maritime North-Western Europe, shewing relationship of London and Southampton to main traffic directions.

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Of these processes Southampton is an outcome and a symbol: in their issue her future must be sought. Like the apex of a pyramidal wave, prosperity may express the culmination of convergent forces. Of these forces we must ask are they permanent, have they latent strength and continuity? Or are they, mobile, moving to other combinations—spent, involved in dissolution? The analysis requires consideration of four aspects each characteristic of Southampton's growth and present state.

Passenger Traffic.—It was the advent of the ocean liner which established the supremacy of Southampton as a passenger port, and the liner was a symptom of the new order. With the expansion and increasing complexity and mobility of population and international trade time, and time-keeping, acquired a new significance. Time in effect became a commodity, limited in supply but in unlimited demand. For ship, passenger and cargo time spells money, and even a tourist's time is apt to be measured against ambition. And time, in terms of space, is expressed as geographical position. Between the two power-houses of the new world, north-western Europe and north-eastern America, England holds a strategic position. And in England the south—and in the south Southampton—lies full in the zone of highest traffic potential that skirts the north-western European shores (*Fig. 1*). Linked with London, the passenger centre and commercial clearing-house of the British Isles as well as of a considerable Continental hinterland, Southampton is yet placed to compete with ocean traffic visiting the Continent direct. And to this dual advantage she adds a position neither too far landward nor seaward of the ocean-frontier of Europe—a matter of importance for a passenger port—and also one favourable for independent traffic with cross-Channel ports and the Channel Islands.

Naturally enough, therefore, when these potentialities were realized, there grew up an organization represented on land mainly by the Southern Railway and at sea by some thirty or more British and foreign shipping lines plying ocean routes from New Zealand and the East Indies to the North Sea, from the North Sea to Buenos Aires, Cape Town, Vancouver. Picture the vast network and organization—this mechanism material and human—so wide that it spans the earth, so delicate that it counts in minutes. Here indeed is the miracle of human enterprise, a humanism of modern trade. To-day with 36 per cent. of the United Kingdom ocean traffic besides a considerable Continental, Channel Islands and trooping

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service, Southampton stands in the front rank among passenger ports while recent years have witnessed a continual accession of vessels and lines and an extension of the area served.¹

Of the future who can speak with certainty? But Southampton's position seems reasonably assured. Ambitious schemes for new liner tonnage are in progress or contemplation and will doubtless prove justified when trade and prosperity revive.² But competition will be severe and the competitive capacity of ports will be tested. In Great Britain London is scarcely a competitor: she is a special case and so far as concerns Southampton, the relationship in general is mutually complementary. The northern and western ports—including Cardiff if the interesting experiments of the Great Western Railway bear fruit—serve in most areas large 'immediate' populations; their emigrant traffic will probably ultimately revive, but they are now off the main passenger-stream. So, too, the southern and eastern ports, despite their advantages for special purposes, have no such combination of qualities as has Southampton. With the Continental ports the case is rather different. Continental trade is growing in volume, independence and directness: the ports are improving, expanding, differentiating. Though the flow of peoples to the United States is largely stemmed, other overseas countries will probably absorb increasing numbers. Hamburg, Antwerp, Rotterdam, Cherbourg and others are showing energy and enterprise and are effecting costly improvements. Cherbourg is ideally placed for direct trans-Atlantic passenger traffic with the Continent and its advance in recent years has been remarkable, though it may be regarded as co-operating with, quite as much as rivalling, Southampton in respect of passenger trade.³ Southampton's future, it may be hazarded, depends partly on the continuing pre-eminence of London as a commercial, financial and passenger-traffic centre; partly on the diversion, or retention, of tourist traffic to and in these islands;

¹ In 1929 the net tonnage entering the port was c. 14.95 mill. (cf. London: c. 28.8 mill.; Liverpool: c. 17.4 mill.), the total number of passengers, 537,500 (exclusive of troops) (cf. London: 500,000). Some 44 per cent. of this traffic was with other parts of the British Empire. The total movement of troops averaged (5 years: 1925-7) 48,000 annually and it is stated that the whole British army passes through Southampton once in seven years.

² At present the important North Atlantic passenger traffic, though not declining, has not recovered its pre-war level and 'additional express steamers', instead of attracting more traffic, 'are simply robbing the other steamers already in the trade'. Emigrant traffic from Great Britain is also likely for some time to remain relatively low.

³ In the period 1913-25 Cherbourg's tonnage increased by 239 per cent. and amounted, in 1925, to 10.95 mill. (net). In 1929 the (net) tonnage was 11.5 mill. and the total number of passengers 211,500.

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partly on the competitive facilities offered by the port itself,¹ but above all upon the growth and development of the human and social fabric of the British Empire.

Cargo Trade.—Southampton's cargo trade, though not comparable with that of London and Liverpool, in 1928 ranked third and, over the eight-year period 1921-8, fourth² in value amongst that of United Kingdom ports. Modern Southampton, as we have seen, is the child of modern transport which, in a world of changed regional economic values, re-discovered its geographical potentialities and gave them a new vitality and range. The port's cargo trade is directly associated with this fact. The liner, designed for human transport, was adapted, or adaptable, for other freight also. Speed, safety, and, above all, time-table regularity were novel assets and, if the cargo space available was at first small, the vessels were large, increasing in size, and capable of readjustment. To types of goods which demanded prompt and safe delivery—goods generally of high value in proportion to bulk—the advent of cold storage and other special facilities added bulkier cargoes of similar description while the tendency towards specialization and diversification—towards consignment in smaller varied 'parcels'—acted in the same direction. Thus to mails, bullion, gems, ostrich feathers—typical liner-cargoes—were added in increasing quantities fruit, meat, dairy produce and similar products, and to these again, by a natural extension, wool, hides and skins, grain and flour, sugar, timber products and other relatively non-perishable commodities. To-day the liner has become a regular general cargo carrier and a formidable competitor in the world's cargo trade.³

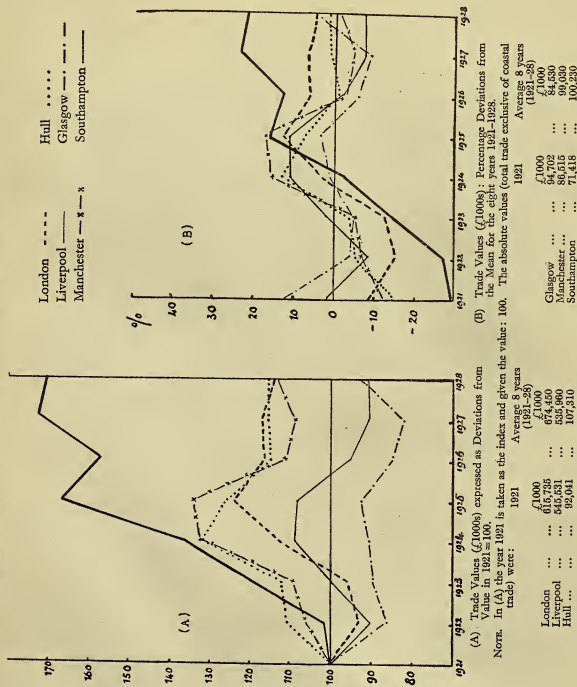
Moreover, cross-Channel passenger traffic found its counterpart in the valuable seasonal trade in fruit, flowers and vegetables deriving from

¹ Important in this connection is the Southampton Docks extension scheme, under which 3,500 feet will be added by 1931-2, and ultimately 15,500 feet (i.e. some two miles of river frontage), to the existing 21,200 feet of berthing space for large vessels, together with corresponding storage and railway facilities and sites for industrial development. Further, the plans of the Southampton Harbour Board aim at an uninterrupted fairway to the sea of 1,000 feet width and 35 feet—finally, possibly, 40 feet—depth l.w. o.s.t., towards which end the recently approved dredging scheme represents a substantial step.

² The ports with which Southampton has been compared are London, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Hull; the trade compared is the value of imports, exports (including re-exports of imported goods), and cargo transhipped under bond. Coastal trade is not included; but in respect of tonnage engaged in this trade Southampton, in 1928, stood fourth (3,066 mill. tons) just after Glasgow (3,330 mill. tons).

³ Apart from liner-cargo trade, we may distinguish (a) general 'tramp' cargo trade (e.g. coal outwards; wheat, timber, or ores inwards), (b) special trade carried increasingly in special vessels (e.g. oil-tankers). Southampton, in virtue of its own growth and that of its hinterland, is attracting a certain amount of both types.

Diagram 2. Trade Stability: Comparison of certain U.K. Ports, 1921-1928.



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the intensively productive areas of Normandy, Brittany, the Channel Islands and even Spain and the Canaries.¹ Similarly exports, whether from the Midland, Northern or London manufacturing areas, are of the liner-cargo type, and of the export trade an important branch, significant in view of Southampton's special position, is her 'transit' trade. This during recent years has made remarkable progress, and now far exceeds in value that of any other United Kingdom port.² The world-wide system of routes and services radiating from the port, together with the proximity of Continental manufacturing areas, have contributed to this result. Goods sent by express services catch in Southampton the outgoing liners and, often within a few hours of despatch, are under way to distant parts of the world.

In all this traffic two features are especially noteworthy: despatch and relative stability. The same organization, the same features of swiftness, smoothness and flexibility, that characterize and are implied in the success of passenger services—whether by land or by sea, by railway or by ship—have also served the purposes of the port's special cargo trade and are indeed of its very essence and spirit. In the second place, the well-known steadiness of liner trade relative to other types is clearly reflected in the cargo trade of Southampton. Seasonal but diversified, it avoids the large-scale fluctuations—great peaks and deep depressions—which affect some other ports and it preserves a more stable and equable mien (*Fig. 2*). As regards the future the cargo trade of Southampton is doubtless bound up largely with the passenger traffic. This, as we have seen, may be considered reasonably secure, though competition, and particularly the growing independence of Continental ports, may operate to modify the position. Part of the port's trade, however, is due to the development of the town and district, whether for industrial or for ordinary settlement purposes, and to these aspects we must therefore turn.

Industrial Development.—So long as cheap power was synonymous with cheap coal, Southampton was relatively unfavourably placed. For many years, however, she has been developing her electrical supply and her Undertaking has recently been named as one of the six selected generating stations for south-west England and south Wales, while a further

¹ In 1927 some 35 per cent. of the total imports at the Docks came from France and the Channel Islands.

² For the five-year period 1924-8, it represented in value 42 per cent. of the total transhipment trade of the United Kingdom, and amounted in 1927 to nearly £35,500,000.

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station will probably be sited on or near Southampton Water by about 1938. Add to this the now established use of oil for fuel and power,¹ and it is evident that the position as regards power-supply is radically changed. Shipbuilding and repairing,² engineering and air-craft manufacture are firmly rooted and flourishing. Electric cable, heavy electrical, tobacco, saw-milling, seed-crushing, margarine and many other industries are established and will probably increase. Many of these are small but in the aggregate they are attaining importance.³ Normally, moreover, the industries of a general cargo port are diversified; and, here again, diversity—'many baskets'—is apt to imply stability.

As for the future, England is an old and long-industrialized country. But while industrial 'inertia', and vested interests, must be reckoned with, their influence can also be exaggerated. The development of new industries in southern England has been notable, and has already affected Southampton. There seems no reason why this growth should not continue and even develop a certain 'snowball' quality. For here also Southampton perhaps stands to gain more than most by the economic development of the Empire and the growth of inter-Imperial trade.

Distributive Function.—Lastly there is Southampton's function as a distributing centre, the growth of its regional influence and control. Central position and a radial system of easy routes facilitate movement in all directions, for even the Isle of Wight in certain respects falls within its sphere. At the same time motor-transport has greatly enlarged the possibilities of intercourse especially in point of intensity and flexibility. Three zones may be distinguished in the hinterland, though their boundaries, and respective areas, are still indefinite. In her immediate environment the influence of Southampton may be gauged from the development of her public-utility services, in particular those of electricity and water-supply. These exhibit a steady expansion, together with centralization of distributive control.⁴ The population is increasing and the services

¹ In 1927, Southampton stood sixth amongst United Kingdom oil-importing ports, with petroleum imports of c. 142,390,000 gallons valued at £2,634,000.

² The yacht industry alone, it is estimated, brings to the port an annual revenue of £1,000,000.

³ The Southampton Corporation Electricity Undertaking supplies (1930) over 450 factories from its mains.

⁴ The Southampton Corporation Electricity Undertaking supplied in 1920, c. 15.7 square miles; by 1930 the area served had increased to 256 square miles (population c. 230,000). The Southampton Corporation Waterworks supplied, in 1907, c. 4 mill. gallons (average) daily; in 1930, c. 8.95 mill. gallons, to a population of nearly 275,000 spread over some 220 square miles, and further extensive development is anticipated.

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mentioned afford at least indications of the general trend. In the outermost zone lie the North, the Midlands and, most important, London to which Southampton is in some senses an outpost. With this hinterland the trade is mainly specialized or specific, and it can hardly, it seems, fail to expand.¹

Finally, in the intermediate zone Southampton possesses a hinterland of peculiar regional importance. Falling mainly within a radius of about forty miles it is an area of general supply, though 'specific' trade is not excluded. The boundaries appear to extend farther west and north-west than towards London and although it is not uniformly densely populated it is an area which is developing. It is relatively remote from other large distributive centres and it has probably a fairly high absorptive capacity. The choice of Southampton, therefore, as a distributing centre by several important firms in recent years is understandable, and there can be little doubt that this function of the town and port is destined to extend.

NOTE: A general acknowledgment is made of various published works used in the preparation of the above and also of information courteously supplied by various Borough Authorities, by the Southampton Harbour Board, and in particular by the Docks and Marine Manager, Southern Railway, Southampton.

O. H. T. RISHBETH.

¹ Approximately 50 per cent. of the cargo landed at Southampton Docks goes to London; a fluctuating quantity—sometimes as much as 30 per cent.—goes north (Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool). Of wool imports, 50 per cent. is railled to Yorkshire (Bradford); the remaining 50 per cent., besides hides, skins, etc., are transhipped to Continental ports. In recent years Southampton has captured a certain amount of the Port of London's trade, since the landing of cargo here saves some twelve hours over the circuitous route via Tilbury.



THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN SOUTHAMPTON

PLYMOUTH ROCK. It is probable that the memory of the last place where the feet of the Pilgrim Fathers of 1620 touched their native land inspired this name for the first place where their feet stood in the New World, their future home. And so the name Plymouth was given to the infant colony which was to form the nucleus of New



THE SOUTH EAST TOWER.

England. Yet that name, so famous in the annals of a great nation, might have been 'Southampton Rock', but for chance and the treachery of a hired captain. For it was from Southampton that the Pilgrim Fathers planned to start on their great venture, and it was from Southampton that the first start was actually made. The Hampshire port should therefore have an equal share with Plymouth in the honoured records of the American nation, and members and friends of a University of Wessex centred at Southampton should not be unwilling to have the facts recalled to their memories.

It is unnecessary to recapitulate at length the well-known origins of the famous voyage of 1620. Primarily it was due to religious intolerance. The Reformation had freed England from one tyranny only to subject it to another. As in the rest of XVIIth century Europe there was as yet no liberty of religious opinion and worship for individuals. A half-way house had been reached in which each state could choose its own form of religion, but within each state rigid uniformity was still enforced owing to the prevalent idea that only so could political stability and national unity be conserved. In England this new tyranny was especially severe, for the reigning King and the Bishops of the Established Church had joined forces to oppose religious reformers who too often denied the divine

THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN SOUTHAMPTON

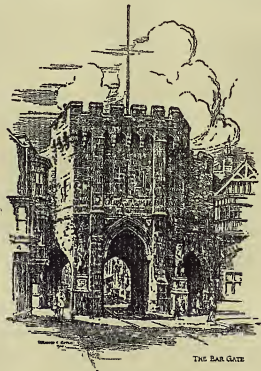
hereditary right of the former and the divinely ordained authority of the latter. Hence the harsh persecution of all Puritans, moderate as well as extreme. Hence inevitably the consolidation in opposition to tyranny of all grades of Puritans, a consolidation which eventually cost Charles I his throne. And hence more immediately the exodus from England of many in search of toleration elsewhere.

If Southampton and Plymouth share the honours as respectively the original and final ports of embarkation for the famous voyage of 1620, Scrooby in Nottinghamshire has no rival for the honour of being the first home of the particular body of Puritans which sailed in the *Mayflower*. This came about, not because the district was especially Puritan in tone, but because it became the centre of religious activity of the two men, William Brewster and John Robinson, who were the mainsprings of the movement. The little village of Scrooby owed any importance it possessed to its position on the Great North Road, the main route from London to Scotland. In the ancient Manor House Brewster's father was installed in 1576 as 'Postmaster' for Government dispatches. On his father's death in 1590 William Brewster succeeded his father as Postmaster and it was then that his religious activities began. He was not only himself very active in spreading the new religious ideas, but he also secured the assistance of other preachers of advanced views. Chief among these was John Robinson, who—like Brewster himself—had been educated at Puritan Cambridge, who had taken Holy Orders, who had been suspended for encouraging nonconformity, and who finally joined forces with Brewster to form the congregation centred at the Manor House which formed the nucleus of the Pilgrim Fathers.

'I will harry you out of the land'. Such was the threat of James I to those who openly refused to conform to the rigid uniformity then demanded. The future Pilgrim Fathers, by openly forming at Scrooby in 1606 a separatist congregation, were therefore subject to the severest persecution. In the words of William Bradford, their chief contemporary historian they were 'hunted and persecuted on every side . . . and ye most were faine to flie and leave their houses and habitations and the means of their livelihood'. Whither could they fly? There was only one possible country near at hand, the Dutch Netherlands, the inhabitants of which had learnt to be tolerant through their own sufferings at the hands of Spain, and which was therefore the natural refuge for all persecuted Protestants. Thither the Puritans of Scrooby escaped one by one, and by about August 1608 were once more united as a congregation in Amsterdam. Simple agricultural folk like the Pilgrim Fathers found a big business city

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uncongenial and so in the following May they settled in the quieter University town of Leyden, where they lived for some eight years. But there were many drawbacks even there. There was the difficulty of gaining a livelihood. There were also the dangers to their children, physical dangers owing to the hardness of their life, and moral dangers, real or fancied, owing to the different conventions—e.g. as to Sunday amusements—held by the Dutch. Above all the Puritans feared being



THE BAR GATE

absorbed into the Dutch nation. For though exiled, they still retained their love of their native country, and so about 1617 they determined to seek a new home where they could still be under the English flag, and yet enjoy religious freedom. Where should they go? The already established English colony of Virginia held great possibilities, but there, as in England, there was no real religious toleration. To settle far away from the possibility of government protection was dangerous, so in the end a compromise was reached and it was decided to settle in some unoccupied part of

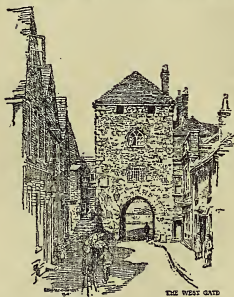
THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN SOUTHAMPTON

the wide domains which lay within the general jurisdiction of the Virginia Company. Two members of the congregation, Carver and Cushman, were sent to England in September 1617 to negotiate, armed with a Declaration of Faith skilfully drawn up by Robinson to conciliate opposition. The King was induced to give an informal sanction to the venture; the Virginia Company by June 1619 at length issued a patent authorising the colony; and early in 1620 after many vain attempts to collect funds, some 70 Merchant Adventurers of London, headed by one John Weston, agreed to provide the capital required, though on such high terms as promised to embarrass the colonists financially for some time. With this capital one ship of 60 tons, the *Speedwell*, was bought outright with the idea of keeping it in the colony for fishing and trading. A bigger ship of 180 tons, the *Mayflower*, was hired in London. The *Speedwell* was to transport the Pilgrims from Holland to Southampton, where the *Mayflower* was to meet them with provisions and stores. On August 1st, 1620 the younger members of the congregation under Brewster set sail from Holland, the older members waiting at Leyden till a first trial of the New World had been made. It is sad to remember that Robinson died without ever seeing the colony which he had done so much to inspire.

The Pilgrim Fathers were now at Southampton, ready for the great voyage. There were unforeseen difficulties to be faced. John Weston and the 'Adventurers' were claiming still higher terms, the Pilgrims had to sell some of their store of butter to meet expenses, and they were forced to start short of many necessities. Also, after a start was arranged for August 8th Captain Reynolds of the *Speedwell* reported a leak, and this caused a delay of a week. There was one compensation for this which particularly affects Southampton. During the delay a valuable recruit was gained in the person of John Alden. It is not known for certain if John Alden was a native of Southampton. The family is supposed to belong to Chipping Sodbury in Gloucester, but there is at least a possibility that some of its members migrated to Southampton, for in the only surviving contemporary Church register—that of St. Michael's—there appears under the date 'Apprell 30th, 1598', the entry of the burial of 'Rychard Alden'. At any rate we know that John Alden, who was to become such a prominent member of the new colony, joined the company at Southampton. An entry in Bradford's list of the *Mayflower* passengers reads 'John Alden was hired for a cooper at South-Hampton, where the ship victuled; and being a hopeful young man was much desired, but left to his owne liking to go, or stay when he came here, but he stayed, and married here'.

WESSEX

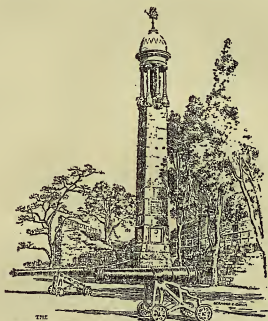
At length everything was ready and on August 15th 1620 the *Mayflower* and *Speedwell* set off from the West Quay. And then came the sad happening which robbed Southampton of the honour of being the only port of departure for the Pilgrim Fathers. Of the 120 Pilgrims who set sail from Southampton, 90 were on the *Mayflower* and 30 on the *Speedwell*. Captain Reynolds of the smaller vessel had made an agreement to serve the Pilgrims for a year, but he lost confidence in the venture, and he was afraid lest in a stormy voyage the little *Speedwell* would be deserted by the larger *Mayflower*. So he determined to prevent the *Speedwell* from making the voyage, and he did this so skilfully that no suspicion of his good faith



was aroused. He had his first chance soon after the start. Southampton Water was left with a favourable wind, but no sooner had the Channel been reached when a westerly gale sprung up. This gave Reynolds the chance to report that his labouring ship had sprung a leak, and that she must be taken back to be overhauled. There was enough of truth behind his deception to secure him from detection, for the *Speedwell* was overmasted and inclined to strain her hull in a stiff breeze. She was quite fit for the voyage with careful management, but Reynolds had no intention of doing his best for the ship, and indeed had determined to use his knowledge of the *Speedwell's* peculiarities so as to frighten the Pilgrims into abandoning

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her. His plan succeeded. On the eighth day from their departure from Southampton the two ships put into Dartmouth and the *Speedwell* was there thoroughly overhauled. About the beginning of September a second start was made. Reynolds was astute enough not to repeat his stratagem too soon. He allowed the two vessels to sail nearly 300 miles across the Atlantic before he again raised the alarm, and declared that the *Speedwell* must either return to port for repairs or sink at sea. After a depressing consultation on board the *Mayflower* a return was ordered and the vessels



THE
PILGRIM FATHERS'
MEMORIAL

reached Plymouth about September 10th. The *Speedwell* was again overhauled and found to have no special leak. This should have made evident the treachery of Reynolds, but as a fact he gained his end from the simple Pilgrims, for they were afraid to trust the *Speedwell* any more, and decided to abandon her. She was sent to London to be sold, and after being refitted made many voyages in perfect safety.

So now there was left only the *Mayflower*, ready to start alone on the famous voyage, and this time from Plymouth instead of from Southampton. Of the 120 Pilgrims who had started from Southampton 18 gave up the

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venture, some like Cushman because they were disheartened by the delay; others because of weak health or the burden of young children. So it was the famous 102 Pilgrims of Bradford's list which finally resumed the voyage on September 16th. On the voyage one man died, but a child was born and named Oceanus, so it was 102 souls who, after a long and stormy crossing of the Atlantic, finally reached the New World. The aim had been to land in the domain of the Virginia Company, somewhere between the Hudson and the Delaware, but fate again stepped in to alter their plan. It is a possibility that the Captain was secretly in the pay of the Dutch who were establishing a trading colony on the Hudson and did not want rivals. Anyway the Captain professed to be unable to sail farther southward against a contrary wind, and so after beating up and down the coast for a month they finally selected a spot 'fit for situation', and on December 21st the first Pilgrim set foot on the famous Plymouth Rock. The first man to land is said to have been John Alden, the Southampton cooper. If this be so it may serve as a fitting illustration of the equal connection with the famous voyage of the two great ports of Wessex and the South West.

E. S. LYTTTEL.



NOTE ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS

THESE are from pen and ink sketches by Bernard C. Gotch.

Southampton in 1620 was mostly enclosed by walls, with but few dwellings outside. At the angles of the walls were towers, of which the only one which is still fully preserved and visible is the *South-East Tower*, or *God's House Tower* (page 38). This was built

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in the XVth century to protect the flood-gate of the moat which ran along the Eastern wall.

Of the gates giving entrance to the walled town there are three still remaining. The most important entrance was the *North or Bar Gate* (page 40). In 1620 this gate had no side openings as now, and the two guarding lions were of wood instead of lead. The other two remaining gates are *God's House Gate* and *the West Gate* (page 42). The two additional gates which existed in 1620 were the East Gate in the present East Street, and the South or Water Gate, at the bottom of the present High Street.

There were two main Quays, the Water Quay, beyond the South or Water Gate, and the West Quay. The latter was the older, the bigger and the more sheltered. It is most probable that it was from this quay that the *Mayflower* and *Speedwell* set sail. Facing this quay there now stands the *Pilgrim Fathers Memorial* (page 43) erected in 1920.

In 1620 no roadway ran between the sea and the walls. The picturesque arcading of the *Walls on the West Quay* (page 44) was not made for effect but to economise stone in a wall which had to be sufficiently thick to enable a guard to patrol the top.

THE EAST WIND

by TRELAWNEY DAYRELL REED

THE East Wind is hurrying by,
And his breath has dimmed the sky

Swift on frozen silver feet
He treads the shuddering fields of wheat.

Fledglings, huddle in your nest
Close to your warm mother's breast;

And each wild flower shut his eye
While the East Wind passes by.

Meet him, Blackthorn Brake alone,
With kisses colder than his own.

SIR BEVIS OF HAMTOUN

(A paper read to the Southampton Branch of the English Association)

THAT I should have chosen *Sir Bevis of Hamtoun* as the subject of a paper for the English Association augurs, I think, no small degree of courage, not to say temerity, on my part. For is not *Sir Bevis* included in that familiar stanza of Chaucer's which rings in my ears as I begin :

Men speken of romauns of prys
Of Hornchild, and of Ypotis
Of Beves, and of Sir Gy,
Of sir Lybeux and Plein-damour ;
But sir Thopas, he bereth the flour
Of roial chivalry :

and I have the uneasy feeling that the even tenor of my remarks may be broken by some modern Harry Bailey in my audience with the words :—

Na moore of this, for Goddes dignitee !
. . . for thou makest me
So wery of thy verray lewednesse
That, also wisly God my soule blesse,
Min eres aken of thy draffy speche !

But I take courage as I reflect that I am speaking to the fellow-citizens of Sir Bevis, who may be expected to show more sympathy and appreciation for the idiosyncrasies of their most famous townsman than mine host of the Tabard and his companions in suffering. Besides, though in Chaucer's opinion (which was doubtless far from impartial), Sir Thopas ' bore the prize ', it is open to any one to urge that the palm ought to have been awarded to Sir Bevis, and that Chaucer has been guilty of a serious miscarriage of justice. In favour of this view of the case is the unbroken popularity of *Sir Bevis* from the thirteenth century down almost to our own day ; witness the preface of the late seventeenth century editor of a prose version from the Auchinleck MS. 1689) :—

' Courteous Reader,—I here present you with the pleasant History of the Famous and Renowned Knight, Sir Bevis of South Hamtoun, a

SIR BEVIS OF HAMTOUN

man for his Virtue and Valour highly esteemed throughout the world : In whose many Actions and glorious Achievements you will find things that may reasonably surmount an ordinary credit ; however, in perusing them, you may plainly perceive the difference between Elder times and these we live in, which are too much devolved into effeminacy, and please yourself in consulting the many rare adventures of such as gave themselves up to the practice of Arms and Love, which being mingled in their many Excellences, appear as beautiful and gay as a bed of Roses and Lillies in their blushing glory and innocent candure, and as the noble Enterprises of others have stirred up the Spirits of such as read them, to an illustrious imitation of what is truly great, and held in the highest esteem : So, past all peradventure what is here laid down will not come behind the most exalted Actions of Heroes, set forth to the advantage either in Love or Arms, those two excellencies that adorn mankind : for here you will find our Champion, though early crushed by the adverse hand of Fortune, making his way to glory before he could aspire to manhood, cutting it by Dint of Valour and Heroick Conduct from a dejected state by degrees till he mounts to the highest pinnacle of Honour, in rescuing the distressed, destroying Monsters and Tyrants, gaining Kingdoms, and converting Infidels to the Christian Faith, obligeing by his Affability and excellent parts Queens and Princesses to lay their Diadems and Grandure at his feet and doing such things as have amazed Mankind. Therefore, for the honour of our Country, of which he has so well deserved, let his Memory live in the thoughts of every true English man, and be to them a pattern of Heroick Virtue, that by imitating him, they may raise the very name of the British Empire, as formerly it was, to be the Terror of the World, which is the wish,

‘ Reader,

‘ Of your most

‘ Humble Servant’.

Words such as these are surely calculated to rehabilitate the old romance in our esteem.

Before giving you a synopsis of the story of *Sir Bevis*, it would be tempting to digress upon the history of the medieval romances, and to tell the tale of how about the year 1200 French literature came to dominate the whole of Christendom in the matter of stories ; not only sending abroad the French tales of Charlemagne and Roland, but importing plots, scenery and so forth from many lands, Wales and Brittany, Greece and

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the farther East, and giving new French forms to them, which were admired and, as far as possible, borrowed by foreign nations, the English among others. But has not the tale been already told by Warton in the two dissertations prefixed to his *History of English Poetry*, by Gaston Paris in his *French Medieval Literature*, by Professor W. P. Ker in his *Epic and Romance*, by Professor Scofield in his *English Literature after the Norman Conquest*, and by a host of other scholars, English and Continental? To their labours and lucubrations I refer you for details.

All that need be said at this point is that it would have been a miracle if Bevis had not been popular, because, as Professor W. P. Ker has pointed out, it is perhaps the best example of the ordinary popular tale, the medieval book of chivalry with all the right things in it. As he says, it might have been produced in the same way as *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, by allowing the audience to prescribe what was required. 'The hero's father is murdered like Hamlet's; the hero is disinherited like Horn; he is wooed by a fair Paynim princess, like Sir Gy in *Ferumbras*; like Hamlet again, he carries a treacherous letter, "and beareth with him his own death"; he is separated from his wife and children, like Sir Eustace and Sir Isumbras; and exiled, like Huon of Bordeaux, for causing the death of the king's son'. Moreover, the slaughter of Saracens, fights with dragons and giants, wondrous magic mirrors and wells of healing, are introduced on a scale calculated to satisfy the robust appetite of an English audience, always less careful of style and ornament than their French compeers. It is significant of this difference of taste that the one great defect of the French original of *Sir Bevis*—the absence of a dragon—is made good in the English version.

The romance opens with a description of the hero's father, Sir Guy—a mighty man, the strongest in his day, whose arm none could withstand:

Of Hamtoun he was sire
And of that ilche schire
to wardi
Lordinges this of whom y telle
Neuer man of flesch ne felle
Nas so strong,

for all he lived without wine or strong drink. Unfortunately he does not marry until he is old and feeble. Then he decides to marry the daughter of the King of Scotland, who was young and fair to look upon. But Sir Guy knew not that his lady's heart was already given to Davoun, the

SIR BEVIS OF HAMTOUN

Emperor of Almaine. However, a son is born to Sir Guy, 'fair child he was and bold; a fairer child was never born since God sprang from the root of Jesse, nor one doughtier in battle'. Soon the lady wearies of her old and pious husband and plots his death. She sends a messenger to the Emperor of Almaine, urging him to come to England on the first of May to a forest beside the sea and to kill her husband, whom she will send there. When this is done, she says, the Emperor shall have her love. The Emperor gladly consents. Sir Guy's wife pretends to be ill and expresses a desire for the flesh of a wild swine. Sir Guy rides off unarmed with but three attendants to hunt the boar, and is met and slain after a fierce struggle by the Emperor and his knights.

Bevis, who was but seven years at his father's death, makes unceasing lament and refuses to be comforted. He reproaches his mother with her heartlessness and calls her a 'vile whore'.

Ac o thing, moder, i schel the swere :
yif ich ever armes bere
and be of elde,
Al that hath me fader islawe
And ibrought of is lif dawe,
Ich schel him yilden.

She boxes his ears so that he falls down; and she orders Saber, her son's foster-father, to murder him. Like Grim in the *Lay of Havelok the Dane*, Saber does not refuse, but in order to deceive her Saber kills a pig, sprinkles the garments of Bevis with its blood, and sends Bevis in the dress of a poor herd to mind his sheep. The sounds of the revelry in the palace reach Bevis in the fields. Unable to restrain himself, he enters the hall, and claims his heritage from the Emperor. He strikes the Emperor, who faints. Bevis is finally captured and sold by his mother for a large sum to heathen merchants, and we are told that

The childes hertte was wel colde
For that he was so fer isolde.

When the merchants arrived in Heathenesse, they took Bevis, and, because he was a handsome and stalwart lad, they presented him to the King of that land whose name was Ermyan. Now King Ermyan's wife was dead, but he had a young daughter whose name was Josyan.

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Hire schon wer gold vpon hire fet :
So faire yhe was and bright of mod,
Ase snow vpon the rede blod ;
Wharto scholde that may (maiden) discriue ?
Men siſte no fairer thing alive,
So hende ne wel itaught.

Josyan has but one fault—she was a pagan and knew not Christian laws.

King Ermyn grew to love Bevis as his own son and said, 'Stay with me, boy, in Ermony—I have no heir but Josyan to come after me; and when you are both grown I will give her to thee to wife and with her, all my land and all my wealth and you shall rule the country after me, if only you will forsake your Christian God and take my Lord, Apollyon, for your god'.

But Bevis answers resolutely, 'Fore God—not for all the silver and gold that is under the light of heaven, nor for thy daughter, that is so fair, would I forsake Jesus who redeemed me at so great cost—and what is more, may all be damned and deaf who believe on the false gods'. However, King Ermyn liked Bevis all the better for his loyalty and made him his chamberlain. So he grew in favour with God and women—particularly with Josyan, who loved him dearly in her heart. She told herself in secret:—'Might I but once kiss Bevis in love, I should reck not of the remainder of this world's bliss. In happy time were that maiden born, whom Bevis should choose for his leman'. It is Josyan who nurses Bevis back to health after the wounds received in his first battle, where single-handed on his famous steed Arundel ('Swallow')—a gift from King Ermyn—he slays fifteen Saracens. Forty grievous wounds did he receive in that battle, but Josyan, skilled like many another medieval maiden in leechcraft, anoints his wounds with a precious ointment, so that the blood stanchd and the pain left him.

Bevis's next feat is to slay a boar of enormous size which no one else has been able to kill. On his way back Bevis meets with twenty-four knights and ten foresters led by the steward of King Ermyn's court, who out of envy has plotted his death. Armed with nothing but the boar's head, which he places on the point of his truncheon, Bevis defends himself until he wins from the steward the famous sword Morgelay, with which he was afterwards to perform many a valorous deed.

Three years after the adventure with the boar, there came to the court of King Ermyn a Saracen king called Brademond (Brandon), who had heard of Josyan's beauty and came with a great army to demand her

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in marriage. In her distress, Josyan appeals to Bevis, who is made leader of the Armenian army and dubbed a knight :—

‘ Then they brought him a shield, gold and azure, blazoned with three eagles azure, and on the champ of gold five silver sables. By his side he girt his good sword Morgelay. And Josyan embroidered him a gay silk standard of rare and curious work to bear for her ; and gave him besides a hauberk of rare and curious work, the like of which was never seen—and the price of it was worth many a city. So when Bevis had girded on his armour, he leapt on the good and leal steed Arundel, which Josyan gave him for her gift, and led King Ermyn’s host to battle ; and their number was fifty and thirty thousand men with banners bright and shining shields ’.

The host of Brademond is destroyed and the king takes to flight, but is taken by Bevis and forced to swear fealty to Ermyn.

Sir Bevis rides home and is received with joy and honour by Ermyn, who seats him above all the lords and ladies of his Court. He calls Josyan and says :—“ Unarm thy knight, fair child ; and set before him meat and drink, and serve and tend on him thyself ”. Then was the maiden glad and her eyes sparkled brightly because she might wait on Bevis ’.

After Bevis has eaten, Josyan’s love can no longer be restrained and she says :—‘ Bevis, loved one, have pity on me. I have loved thee long. Unless thou love me, I shall die.’ Bevis answers, ‘ Nay, I cannot. There is Brademond who serves Mahomet. Take him as thy mate ’. But Josyan with a cry of pain replies : ‘ I had liefer have thee to my spouse, naked and penniless, than all the gold that Christ hath made. Grant me thy love, or I die ’. But Bevis is inexorable.

‘ Then fell Josyan at his feet and wept sore ’, but presently, standing up, she speaks in scorn through her tears :—‘ Go, base unmannered churl ! Mohamet with sudden blighting visit thee for this—for there is neither king, sultan, nor mighty prince but would feel honoured by my love—and now to be despised by a churl—a low born churl ’ !

Bevis makes answer, ‘ Better had I died in a ditch, than been dubbed knight to make sport for maidens. Mahomet take thee for that word—a churl—whose father was both earl and knight ! Take back the horse thou gavest—I will have nothing that is thine, but I will leave thee straightway for my country and never see thy face again ’. With these words he leaves her and rides into the town.

Josyan soon repents of her harsh words. She sends her chamberlain

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Boniface to Bevis to make peace ; but though Bevis gives the messenger a precious mantle ' white as milk, embroidered with silk, and red gold ', he does not relent. Finally Josyan comes to Bevis, who feigns sleep. But she goes to his couch and kneeling down beside him, says :—

' Awake, my loved one. I am come myself to make my peace. Speak but a word to me '. Then said Bevis :—' I am tired : let me lie, and leave me : go thou home '. But Josyan will not go :—' Nay, dearest : thou shalt first forgive my wrong to thee '. So she fell down and wept upon his breast.

' Bevis ', she cries, ' do not forsake me ; all my false gods I now forswear and turn to Christendom for thy dear sake '. Bevis is conquered, and taking her in his arms he kisses her on the lips, and she departs happy in his love.

But slanderous tongues are soon at work, and King Ermyr is told that Bevis has wronged his daughter. Acting on the advice of Bevis's foes, he writes a letter to King Brademond about Bevis, and orders him to deliver it to the king without taking with him his sword Morgelay or his horse Arundel, or showing the letter to any one. Brademond reads the letter and orders Bevis to be cast into a deep dungeon. Here he lies for seven long years, half starved and obliged to defend himself against dragons and snakes with a stick which he found at the prison door.

Josyan asks her father about Bevis, but is told that he has returned to England and married the king's daughter there. She suspects treachery, so when a new lover, King Yvor of Mombraunt, is forced upon her, she consents to the marriage, but succeeds in preserving her virginity by a charm.

When seven years have passed, Bevis escapes from prison with the help of Jesus and the Blessed Virgin and his own strong hand. After many adventures in which much blood of giants and Saracens is shed, he makes his way to Mombraunt in the guise of a palmer. King Yvor is out hunting, but Josyan is in her bower. At the gate he finds many pilgrims who are waiting for their share of the food, which Josyan is in the habit of distributing to poor palmers at midday for the love of a knight called Sir Bevis. Bevis enters with the other palmers, and in answer to Josyan's questions professes to be a friend of Sir Bevis, who has told him of a horse called Arundel which he wants to see. Like Argus in the Odyssey, Arundel knows his master, who is recognized by Josyan. Josyan entreats Bevis to take her home with him, and assures him that she is a pure virgin. Bevis consents and the lovers leave Mombraunt. Unfortunately King

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Garcy, who is left in charge of Josyan in her lord's absence, learns of the flight of Bevis and Josyan from a magic ring and pursues the fugitives: without success however, for they find refuge in a cave. Next day, in the absence of Bevis, who has gone to get some venison for food, two lions enter the cave. Fortunately they cannot hurt Josyan, who, like themselves, is of royal blood, and is besides a pure virgin. Bevis however does not possess the same qualifications, and is attacked by the royal beasts on his return. He refuses to allow Josyan to hold one of the lions while he engages the other, but attacks both at once and after a furious battle he dispatches first the lion and then the lioness.

But the troubles of the lovers are not over. No sooner has Bevis slain the lioness, than they meet a most horrible giant, called Ascopart, who says that he has been sent by Garcy to fetch back the queen and to kill Bevis. Naturally Bevis objects, though Ascopart's appearance was sufficient to dismay another than Bevis:—

He was wonderliche strong
Rome (*In length*) thretti fote long;
His berd was bothe gret & roe;
A space of a fot betwene is browe
His clob was, to geue a strok,
A lite bodi of an ok.

Bevis, wondering at the giant, asked if his countrymen were all of the same size. Ascopart replied that he had left them since they ill-used him and knocked him about because he was so little and weak. Still, he thought he could manage ten such men as Bevis. But in the battle which ensued, Bevis got the upper hand, and Ascopart's life was saved only by the intercession of Josyan. Ascopart swore fealty to Sir Bevis and became his squire.

The three journey by sea to Cologne, where a cousin of Bevis's old friend Saber was bishop. The bishop welcomed Bevis heartily and inquired:—'Who is this lovely lady?'

'Sire', said Bevis, 'a Queen of Heathenesse, who for my sake renounces her false gods and comes to christen'. 'And who is this great-faced giant?' 'Sire', said Bevis, 'my page, and him I priethee christen with my wife also.'

So next day the bishop christened Josyan, but when he came to push Ascopart into the water, the giant leapt anon on a bench, and said:—'An I must drown or burn, Sir Priest, certes I will not drown. There is

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too much of me to christen ; so me let be, for whoever heard of a christian of thirty feet in length ? ’

After Josyan’s baptism, Bevis achieved a wonderful adventure with a dragon which, like the fire-drake in *Beowulf*, was ravaging the country far and wide. ‘ Lancelot of the Lake fought with a fire-drake, as did Wade also and true knights were they both and I understand that Guy of Warwick slew a dragon in Northumberland, but such a dragon was never seen as Bevis slew, I ween ’.

The ears of this dragon were rough and long—his front was hard as steel—eight tusks curved outwards from his mouth, the least being seventeen inches round ; he was both lithe and grim and maned withal like to a steed ; he bore his head erect in pride, and there was a space of four and twenty feet betwixt his shoulder and his tail. Now his tail was sixteen feet in length, his wings glistened like glass in the sun ; the scales upon his sides and breast were strong as adamant and well-wrought brass. Never was there a fouler or more fearsome beast.

I must not stop to describe the battle or to tell of the wonders of the well of healing which saved the life of our hero and enabled him to slay his terrible adversary. You will remember how well Spenser remembered Sir Bevis in his description in Bk. I, Canto XI of the *Faerie Queene* :—

Behind his backe unweeting as he stood,
Of auncient time there was a springing well
From which fast trickled forth a silver flood,
Full of great vertues, and for med’cine good
Whylome, before that cursed Dragon got
That happie land, and all with innocent blood
Defyld those sacred waves, it rightly hot
The *well of life*, ne yet his vertues had forgot.

Having slain the dragon, Bevis journeys to England with a hundred knights provided by the grateful Bishop of Cologne. Saber, his foster father, was living in the Isle of Wight and the Emperor of Almaine held Southampton.

Time fails me to tell of the battle in ‘ Sunny May, when leaf and grass bud begin to grow green and the birds learn their newest songs ’, in which Bevis wins back his inheritance with the help of Saber and casts the Emperor into a cauldron of boiling pitch and brimstone, or of how the faithful Josyan is ensnared by the treachery of a false knight, Sir Miles, and forced to wed him, and how she hanged her new lord to the arras curtain on the bridal night, and was only rescued from a fiery death by the oppor-

SIR BEVIS OF HAMTOUN

tune arrival of Sir Bevis, who is now married to Josyan by the Bishop of Cologne.

One would think that by this time Sir Bevis and Josyan had passed through sufficient adventures to deserve to rule their heritage in peace. But the romance goes on for another thousand lines which recount, among other things, how Arundel dashes out the brains of the son of Edgar, King of England; how Ascopart proves a traitor and betrays Josyan to King Yvor; how Saber kills Ascopart and rescues Josyan; how Bevis vanquishes King Yvor and becomes King of Ermyne and the realm of King Yvor; how Bevis wars against King Edgar and the citizens of London, where he is almost slain in Cheapside. Sir Bevis, however, is rescued by his son, Sir Guy, with a host of sixty thousand men from Hamtoun, who fought 'until the Thames ran red in blood past Westminster, and until they slew two and thirty thousand, and so took the city'.

Then we are told that Sir Bevis came to Leaden Hall in London, fetching Josyan thither also. They hold a feast in that rich city fourteen nights, keeping open court for all folk that care to come. King Edgar wisely makes peace with the redoubtable champion. 'Then Bevis took leave of King Edgar and Saber. He gave his Earldom of Southampton unto Saber and shipped from Hamtoun for his realm of Mombraunt with his son Sir Guy and all his knights'.

Bevis and Josyan dwell happily in love for three and thirty years. Then Josyan took a grievous evil, and knowing her end was near she sent for her son Guy to give him her blessing and to say farewell. 'And when he was come, Sir Bevis went to the stable to see how fared the good steed Arundel. Now Arundel had dropped down dead. Then with a heavy heart came Bevis back into the chamber where Josyan lay dying and took her in his arms and held her to him till she died and ere her body had grown cold his soul went to her. So they passed from the noise of the world and were nevermore divided'.

Even this severely abridged account of the contents of *Sir Bevis* retains, I would hope, sufficient traces of the original to explain its widespread popularity in earlier days. But it would be a serious error to imagine that this somewhat bald and in part disjointed synopsis is at all equal in interest to the Middle-English text, which, in spite of many a fault, is full of the movement, picturesqueness and colour of life in the Middle Ages, a veritable store-house of information on old-world customs, dress, manners, folk-lore, and proverbs—not to mention stereotyped

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phrases—and an epitome of many of the most popular fruits garnered by the medieval imagination in its uncritical rambles through the realms of romance.

The popularity of *Sir Bevis* is vouched for by the fact that in addition to at least eight Early English versions of the romance there are nine Old French manuscripts and early versions in Welsh, Old Norse, Russian and Italian. In Italy, indeed, there is a regular cycle of Bevis tales.

In spite of his exploits, history has done but scant justice to Sir Bevis. Indeed the most circumstantial historical account of our hero is that given by Dr. Fuller in his *Worthies of England*, who tells us that Bevis was born in England and was Earl of Southampton at the time William the Conqueror won the battle of Hastings. Refusing to bow down beneath the Conqueror's yoke, Bevis (like Hereward the Wake) maintained a desultory warfare against him for four years: finally gathering together an army of English and Welsh, with the assistance of Hastings the Dane, he gave William battle at Carlisle in Wales. There Bevis was defeated in 1070 and fled to Carlisle—and oblivion, for this is all history as written by Fuller knows about Bevis, except that in Fuller's day (and in our own for aught I know to the contrary) his famous sword Morgelay was preserved in Arundel castle. It is unfortunate that Dr. Fuller does not quote his authorities, especially as serious discrepancies with the tale told in the early romances have inclined some sceptics to doubt his facts!

Seriously, however, history knows nothing of Sir Bevis, and in spite of the researches of Rajna and Stimming—the two greatest authorities on the subject—the origin of the Bevis saga is still shrouded in mystery.

Pio Rajna (in his *Le Origini dell' Epopea Francese*, 1884) set forth his view that the Bevis story originally came from Germany; that Hanstone was at first not an English town but a German town near the French border, and that confusion between Hanstone and Hamtoun arose with the Anglo-Norman redactor of the saga, who voluntarily or involuntarily confused the two places. Rajna found corroboration for his view *inter alia* in the fact that the betrayer of Bevis lived in Mainz and his uncle in Cologne. Rajna's view has received the powerful support of Gaston Paris, who, in his *French Literature of the Middle Ages*, says that *Bevis of Hamtoun* is of German origin.

Rajna's view has, however, been, in my opinion, completely refuted by A. Stimming in his *Der Anglonormannische Boeve de Hamtoun* (Halle, 1899), which is the most important work yet published on the Bevis story.

SIR BEVIS OF HAMTOUN

Stimming, after a most thorough comparison of all the existing versions of the legend, comes to the following conclusions :

(1) All the extant versions of the legend are derived from an Anglo-Norman version written early in the thirteenth century (the earliest English version, that of the Auchinleck MS., is not earlier than 1327) and most of the discrepancies on which Rajna based his conclusions are of later date than the original version.

(2) Internal evidence is almost wholly in favour of the view that Bevis of Hamtoun is an Anglo-Norman epic—that is, that it was first written in England. Bevis tells King Hermin that he was born in England (386). King Hermin tells Josyan that Bevis has gone to England to kill his stepfather (978). When Josyan learns from the disguised palmer that he comes from England, she asks about Bevis (1402); the king of the land is called Edgar (2623); Bevis's mother is the King of Scotland's daughter (20-27); English nobles like Claris of Leicester are mentioned, *etc., etc.*, and all through the epic shipping and the sea play an important part, which we should not expect in a German poem. [The refs. are to the A. N. Version].

On the other hand, there is no ground for supposing that Bevis is a national English epic or for assuming that it is historical. We shall search the annals of England in vain for King Edgar whose son was slain by the kick of a horse, for an invasion of Hampshire by an Emperor of Germany, for records of the bloody battle in London when the Thames ran red with blood, or even for an Earl Bevis of the days of King Edgar.

S. J. CRAWFORD.



WINCHESTER—AND THE READING OF BOOKS

WHEN I was at Winchester, about fifty years ago, Moberly Library played a very important part in my life, and I retain a deep-rooted affection for it. It was not the old Library (known as the Fellows' Library), which was totally unknown and inaccessible to the mere boy, and the contents of which hardly 'palpitated with actuality' for him, but the School Library, founded in memory of Dr. Moberly (head master, 1835-66) and housed on the first floor of the block of buildings, containing the class-rooms, erected in 1870. Prefects could have access to it practically at all times before locking-up; inferiors only on Sunday afternoons, by a cumbrous process of written orders from the second master or house masters. Commoners made little use of it—having house libraries of their own—but College men prized the privilege highly. Accordingly, after luncheon on Sunday, the second master's narrow staircase was besieged by a throng of thirty or forty boys demanding orders, which Mr. Richardson patiently wrote out for each of us, and for the rest of the afternoon, till Evening Chapel, the Library was crowded with juvenile readers.

What attracted us was certainly not frivolous fiction; possibly not because we should not have read it if we could, but because it was not there. Fiction was represented by complete sets of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Charles Kingsley, and—a strange addition—Miss Thackeray; but little else, so far as I remember. Otherwise there was—in addition to editions of the Greek and Latin classics, which were more in demand by prefects on week-days—a good representative collection of English poetry and prose literature, history, travels, theology, and modern languages (not much used), and a little science. The main staple was standard English literature, whether in the form of poetry, fiction, history, or essays, and the point which appears to me of interest is that it was upon this provender that we browsed, eagerly and not of compulsion, Sunday after Sunday for several years, until we became prefects and were free of the Library at all times, and began to have collections of books of our own.

There lay the secret of that immensely important part of education which takes place outside the class-room. English literature was not much taught as a school subject, though it was encouraged by one valuable prize; but most boys, at any rate in College, imbibed considerable quantities of it, and acquired a love for it under the law of liberty. It was not considered the right thing to do school work—except preparation of a

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short Greek Testament lesson for Monday morning—on Sunday; hence Sunday was free for one's own reading. Sometimes it was sermons; a good many boys have, at one time or another, a taste for this class of literature, and I remember reading much of Newman, Robertson, and Jeremy Taylor. At another time it might be history; Macaulay, Prescott, and Carlyle come first to memory as belonging to this period; and, for one year (the year of the Russo-Turkish War), military history was the supreme interest, to the detriment of my progress in class, but with the acquisition of a permanent hobby: an analysis of Hamley's *Operations of War*, made then, was turned to account for the training of officers in 1914-18. But English literature was the main subject, and for this I have to thank Moberly Library.

The object of these reminiscences is not anecdotage, but to point a moral, and to urge the value of miscellaneous reading. 'More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of', and more, much more, is wrought by the miscellaneous reading of good literature. It is a taste that should be acquired young, and its price is above rubies. Literature which is not good—which is rubbish, but attractive rubbish—is now so plentiful and so easily obtainable that the path of the young is beset by more temptations. A well-selected school or college library will, however, supply only books which can be read with advantage, whether fiction or otherwise, and the boy or young man who has acquired the habit of reading in such a library should have acquired with it a taste which will last him through life.

It is a very salutary rule to do no work on Sundays, and to reserve this time for miscellaneous reading. Even from the narrow point of view of success in one's school or university work it is highly advantageous; for a knowledge of good literature gives a background to one's regular work, adds quality and substance to essays or answers to questions, trains one in literary style and expression, and provides a fund of miscellaneous knowledge which is of service in any profession or walk of life.

Another opportunity for miscellaneous reading which is often neglected is during train journeys. In a suburban train, nine tenths of the passengers seem to read nothing but the morning paper in the morning and the evening paper in the evening. Such a devotion to the news of the day is excessive, and, if one of these journeys is given to a book instead of a paper, the gain is great. It is surprising how much ground one can cover by twenty or thirty minutes' reading every day; and all the best literature is now obtainable in editions which can be carried in the pocket.

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It is the privilege of age to give advice, and of youth to neglect it, but—since the editor of *Wessex* has demanded an article—I trust it is not officious to offer a reminiscence of the experience of youth, and to express the hope that the University College—and future University—of Wessex will aim at giving its students the same sort of opportunities that Winchester gave me. I have no doubt that many of them will profit by them if they are given the chance.

F. G. KENYON.

SILCHESTER

by MARY DEANE

I KNOW a quiet country place
Where the curious still may trace
Upon old England's wrinkled face
The city of a conquering race.
But Nature has unbuilt its walls,
And left her soil to pave those halls
From whence the saving hand of man
Has culled such relics as it can ;
And in the very precincts now
Of that Roman town men reap and plough.
Sons of a later empire they,
Of power as great, of wider sway ;
How long will that be suffered to stay,
E'er in its turn it pass away ?

WITH HUDSON IN HAMPSHIRE

BY THE ITCHEN

NOT everyone in Winchester knows that he can start at the Nuns' Walk and, except for a few yards at King's Worthy and Abbot's Worthy, may avoid the main road all the way to Itchen Abbas. And further that, using this delightful footpath, he will pass by the scene of a prose idyll as entrancing to a nature-lover as any to be found in literature. I mean W. H. Hudson's record of a ten weeks' residence by the Itchen as related in the last three chapters of *Hampshire Days*.

Let us get our bearings by a few extracts from the book.

'There are no more refreshing places in Hampshire, one might almost say in England, than the green level valleys of the Test and Itchen that wind, alternately widening and narrowing, through the downland country to Southampton Water. . . .

'I think I know quite a dozen villages on the former stream, and fifteen or sixteen on the latter, in any one of which I could spend long years in perfect contentment. . . .

'One prefers the Test and another the Itchen, doubtless because in a matter of this kind the earth-lover will invariably prefer the spot he knows most intimately; for this reason, much as I love the Test, long as I would linger by it, I love the Itchen more, having had a closer intimacy with it. . . .

'It happened that in June 1900, cycling Londonwards from Beaulieu and the coast by Lymington, I came to the valley, and to a village about half-way between Winchester and Alresford, on a visit to friends in their summer fishing-retreat. They had told me about their cottage, which serves them all the best purposes of a lodge in the vast wilderness.

'A long field's length away from the cottage is the little, ancient, rustic, tree-hidden village. . . . There is also an ancient avenue of limes which leads nowhere and whose origin is forgotten. The ground under the trees is overgrown with long grass and nettles and burdock; nobody comes or goes by it . . . nor is there any way or path to the cottage; but one must go and come over the green fields, wet or dry.

Further on, writing of the swifts, the author says: 'On days when the sun shone they came in numbers to perch on the telegraph wires stretched across a field between the cottage and village'.

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If we note the above particulars there need be no difficulty in finding the site of the cottage, or fishing-lodge. I say 'site' because the habitation no longer exists. About ten years ago, Sir Edward and Lady Grey being about to return to their fishing-lodge for a time, the caretaker placed some bedding in front of the fire to air. This caught fire in her absence and the place was burnt to the ground.

The site—or scene, as I prefer to call it—may be approached either by Itchen Abbas, the village mentioned above, or from Chilland, the last hamlet the walker from Winchester will strike before reaching his destination. To give the latter first. Immediately above Lower Chilland House there is a footpath. Taking this, he will cross four stiles. On surmounting the third the path branches. Taking the right-hand one, and making across the wide field, he will come to the fourth stile, which has a gateway at the side, and probably the gate will be open. Keeping close to the hedge on his left hand, he will presently find himself in the ancient avenue above mentioned. When he wishes to continue his walk to Itchen Abbas, which is the village also above mentioned, he will find the path immediately opposite to the one he has just left. In the meantime he will turn to the right down the avenue, and, in a few paces, will find a fragile fence enclosing a wild garden, with what at first sight appears to be an ivy-covered tree-stump in the middle. On close inspection he will see that this is the chimney-stack of the vanished cottage, which, with the brick foundations, is all that remains of the lodge in the wilderness. He will see the sweetbriar and roses planted by Sir Edward Grey still there, and that the last tree on the right-hand side is the one described as the favourite resting-place of the birds.

'For, not only was it the largest of the limes, but it was the last of the row, and overlooked the valley, so that when they flew across from the wood on the other side they mostly came to it. It was a very noble tree, eighteen feet in circumference near the ground . . . and threw out long, horizontal, drooping branches, the lowest of which feathered down to the grass'.

It is pleasant to note that the then Sir Edward and Lady Grey received Mr. Hudson here as an honoured guest, just as Lord and Lady Ashburton received Carlyle at the Grange beyond 'ruined Abbotstone'. Whilst occupying the cottage, Hudson visited Abbotstone and Swarraton, where Gilbert White was curate-in-charge for a time.

Opposite to the cottage ruins, on the other side of the avenue, is the old chalk-pit.

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'It was doubtless a very old pit, with sides which had the appearance of natural cliffs and were overhung and draped with thorn-trees, masses of old ivy, and traveller's joy. Inside it was a pretty, tangled wilderness; on the floor many tall annuals flourished—knapweed and thistle, and dark mullein and teasel, six to eight feet high'.

The prettiness, it may here be remarked, has been somewhat marred by the place having been used as a dumping-ground for pots and pans and corrugated iron. This neighbourhood, at any rate until recently, appears to have been unvisited by a dust-cart. When I was driving with an Alresford friend one day, he suddenly pulled the reins saying, 'Excuse me for a minute'. Going to the back of the dog-cart, he took out a bulging sack, disappeared between some bushes, and presently returned with the sack empty. On my inquiring whether he had been disposing of the body, he said, 'That is the only way we have of getting rid of our empty tins, etc.'. There is a dump of this kind on the Tichborne branch from the upper road from Winchester to Alresford.

The approach from Itchen Abbas is through a farm gate at the side of the church fence. After passing under the telephone wires to Avington House, the old avenue is reached on the side opposite the path from Chilland and Winchester.

I have not mentioned the simplest way of all of reaching the now historical spot, for the sufficient reason that it is marked 'Private', at both ends. Now 'Private' is a notice which I always respect, while that of 'Trespassers will be prosecuted' is one which I frequently ignore. It is therefore to be hoped that the reader, reaching the avenue by the path mentioned, will remember that he is on private ground by the courtesy of Sir John Shelley, and that, after visiting the pastoral shrine, he will pursue his way without encroaching farther.

But, before doing so, he may surely rest under Hudson's lime-tree for a while to recall the delightful descriptions of the three water birds—the coot, the moorhen, and dabchick, or little grebe; the three pigeons—ring-dove, stock-dove, and turtle-dove; the four buntings—the reed, the girl, the yellow-hammer, and the corn-bunting; the four tits; and the swallows and swifts as they congregate before flight or get themselves caught on the angler's line. Viscount Grey, when he was Sir Edward, unavoidably thus hooked three swifts in one day, and, when one of these was watched after release, it flew backwards and forwards over its defined beat as if nothing had happened.

It would take too long to recall the story of the orphaned blackbird, which, even after dark, would chuckle a sleepy 'good night' in response

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to Hudson's call of 'Blackie'. Doubly long would it take to recall the references to the skulking water-rail, the resplendent kingfisher, and the open-air talks about yellow smells, purple tastes, and reedy sounds; or to conjure up the old cottager and her elderberries, her dratting of the starlings and love of the blackbirds, her regret of the old times of home-made wines and bread, home-cured bacon and home-brewed ale, and her scorn of windy victuals all fetched from the shop or the public house. I think that as many delightful pastoral scenes may be revived while resting beside this little plot of ground as on any other spot in the kingdom.

'There are places, as there are faces, which draw the soul, and with which, in a little while, one becomes strangely intimate'.

The lines of Wessex people have fallen in pleasant places, seeing that they may lead to such hallowed corners as this. I like to think of Hudson's tenderness as shown in the instance of the dead sand-martin.

'In this same field, one day when the pleasant company were leaving us after a week's rest, I picked up one that had killed himself by striking against the wire. A most delicate little dead swallow, looking in his pale colouring and softness as moth-like in death as he had seemed when alive and flying. I took him home—the little moth-bird pilgrim to Africa, who had got no farther than the Itchen on his journey—and buried him at the roots of a honeysuckle growing by the cottage door'.

Hudson's poetic sense is just as much in evidence:

'The sun rises, and is not seen for half an hour, then appears pale and dim, but grows brighter and warmer by degrees, and, in a little while, lo! the mist has vanished except for a white rag, clinging like torn lace here and there to the valley reeds and rushes. . . . The sun sets crimson, and the robins sing-in the night and silence. But it is not silent long; before dark the brown owls begin hooting first in the woods, then fly across to the trees that grow beside the cottage, so that we may better enjoy their music. At intervals, too, we hear the windy, sibilant screech of the white-owl across the valley. Then the wild cry of the stone-curlew is heard as the lonely bird wings his way past, and after that late voice there is perfect silence, with starlight or moonlight'.

J. W. LINDLEY.

A STRANGE VISIT

by A. ROMNEY GREEN

ONCE in the year—I wonder why
But once?—with his sweet-bitter cry,
This runner upon earth mounts high
In zigzags black against the sky

Round seaward-looking chimney tops
Whence, even as we gaze, he drops
Unseen to neighbouring field or copse,
This runner through the standing crops.

And one year—why but one alone?—
One early morning—why but one?—
A scuffling in the hollow stone,
The wonder-waking of a drone,

As down our bedroom chimney thus
The feathery scuffle and the fuss,
Birth from the stone so beauteous
Of this strange visit—why to us?

Neither a wounded thing to shame
The soul, and neither sick nor tame,
But freely, this untutor'd flame
Of wild life—whence or how it came

Into my hand, I know not, I,
My only care to let it fly
Ere in my hand it bruise or die,
This live thing with the lustrous eye

As of a frighten'd deer—our guest,
God knows on what fantastic quest,
In silks and satins of the best,
Brown mantle, buff and tawny vest,

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His wings so delicately sown
With black upon their velvet brown,
And, blindly quivering to be flown,
His pulses beating to my own,

As, dainty feet and silver thighs
All gather'd with smooth wings, he lies
Breast upwards and bewilder'd eyes
A moment in my hand—and flies.

So seldom seen, so often heard,
Your name a long familiar word—
This meeting, why so long deferr'd,
Or why at all, mysterious bird?

Ah, how I long'd, but did not dare,
Gaze till I laid the secret bare—
What secret of the earth and air
With their liege delegate to share?



WILLIAM BARNES

AN APPRECIATION

THERE are two great currents in European poetry. One is the exalted and courtly and learned strain, the tradition of the Grand Style, which has produced the heroic and philosophic poetry of the ancients, the *chanson courtois* of the troubadours and the trouvères of mediaeval France, the poetry of the *dolce stil nuovo* of Dante and Guido Cavalcanti and their contemporaries and successors in Italy, the brief glory of the French Pléiade, and the main stream of English poetry which descends from Chaucer through Spenser to Milton, to Wordsworth and to Shelley. This is the poetry of lofty idealism easily passing into the rarefied air of mystical philosophy and religion; it is the poetry of the *vates*, the divine seer, the poet-prophet as described in the old treatise *On the Sublime* ascribed to Longinus, and in our tongue by Shelley (who was himself such a poet-prophet) in his *Defence of Poetry*. It is poetry for the initiated, for poets and poetry lovers, and over the door of its temple is written 'Procul O procul este, profani'.

The other current may be described as the current of popular poetry. It does not philosophize or idealize, but expresses in the most direct way the ordinary man's or woman's instinctive appreciation of the spiritual elements in everyday life, or in the popular religion or the folk-lore of his or her race. It is the poetry of common humanity, and it furnishes a salutary reminder that there is genuine poetry in common humanity, although it is not poetry of the same ethereal quality as the poetry of the tradition of the Grand Style. There must have been a deal of poetry of this kind in the ancient world, which we have lost. It is seen, worked up into a form which apes the Grand Style, in Hesiod. It is found in the fragments of Greek folk-songs preserved by Athenaeus. A rich mass of it must lie behind the idylls of Theocritus, and something of the sweetness of Latin popular poetry is probably preserved in the *Pervigilium Veneris*. But it is from the Middle Ages that our great heritage of popular poetry comes; from the riming Latin songs of the Wandering Scholars of the mediaeval cloister and university, so admirably described in a recent monograph; from the popular lyrics in the vernacular tongues of France, Italy, Germany, England, and Spain, written down between the twelfth and the fifteenth centuries; and from the ballads or popular lyrical

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narrative poems which appear so strangely all over Europe, in similar forms, at about the same time, from the frontiers of Moorish and Christian Spain to the marches of England and Scotland. It is true, as Matthew Arnold insisted in his *Lectures on Translating Homer*, that Homer is noble and that the ballads are not; but there is a beauty in the ballad and the popular lyric which is a great contribution to the life of our race, and one which we could ill afford to lose. It is possible to love and to worship the *Iliad* and the *Aeneid*, the *Divine Comedy* and *Paradise Lost*, and yet to feel that there is something which is not to be found in those great works in the German *Volkslieder*.

Lass tanzen uns den Reihen
Liebe, schöne Frau,
Und freuen uns des Maien
Hell erglänzt die Au.
.

Ach Lieb, lass' dich's erbarmen,
Das ich so elend bin,
Und schliess mich in dein' Arme!
So fährt der Winter hin.

Or in the French *chansons populaires*.

Gentilz gallans de France
Qui en guerre allez,
Je vous prie qu'il vous plaise
Mon amy saluer.
.

Dans le jardin de mon père
Les lilas sont fleuris;
Tous les oiseaux du monde
Viennent y faire leur nid.

Or those English songs that have come down to us from the fourteenth century.

Bytucne Mersh ant Averil,
When spray biginnith to springe,
The lutel foul hath hire wyl
On hyre lud to sing.
.

Maiden in the mor lay,
In the mor lay,
Sevenyſt fulle, seveniſt fulle,
Maiden in the mor lay
Seveniſtes fulle ant a day.

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It should be noticed that poetry in the popular tradition is not necessarily 'folk-poetry'. It may be the work of a very fine and careful artist. Every now and then in the history of European literature such an artist has appeared. Villon is perhaps the most notable in the vernacular languages of Europe, and he, like other great artists in the popular tradition, actually used courtly forms as vehicles for genuinely popular poetry.

In England since the sixteenth century our poetry has generally been out of touch with the popular tradition. Wiat and Surrey took up the thread of the courtly poetry that had been lost in mazes of pedantry after Chaucer's death, and from the time of Spenser the tradition of English poets has been the tradition of the Grand Style. We have paid the penalty of greatness. We have had every variety of great poem from Spenser's marriage hymns to *Hamlet* and *Othello*, from *Paradise Lost* and *Samson Agonistes* to *The Prelude* and *Adonais*, but we have too seldom heard that note of homely sweetness that is hardly ever absent from the German lyric from the Middle Ages down to the songs of Heine. There is little in English poetry corresponding to the *Lieder*. It is true that there is something of the popular tradition in Shakespeare; not, indeed, in his great works, in the tragedies or the sonnets, but in those snatches of song in the comedies and romances of which Milton may have been thinking when he desired to hear

Sweetest *Shakespear* fancies childe,
Warble his native Wood-notes wilde. . . .

Such is the 'Cuckoo Song' in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

When Daisies pied and Violets blew,
And Ladie-smockes all silver white,
And Cuckow-buds of yellow hew
Do paint the Medowes with delight.

Such is Feste's song in *Twelfth Night* which 'dallies with the innocence of love':

Come away, come away death,
And in sad cypresse let me be laide.
Flye away, flye away breath,
I am slain by a faire cruell maide.

Such, too, is that wonderful ballad of Autolycus in *The Winter's Tale*, which is full of the poetry of the life of the Elizabethan vagrant:

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When Daffadils begin to peere,
With heigh the Doxy over the dale,
Why then comes in the sweet o' the yeere,
For the red blood raigns in the winters pale.

The white sheete bleaching an the hedge
With hey the sweet birds, O how they sing :
Doth set my pugging tooth an edge
For a quart of Ale is a dish for a King.

But, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, English popular poetry degenerated into the street ballad, and lost all its sweetness. Only for an all too brief moment Bishop Corbet, an artist of genius, took up the tradition in that *Proper New Ballad* of his that begins :

Farewell rewards and fairies,
Good housewives now may say,
For now foul sluts in dairies
Do fare as well as they ;
And, though they sweep their hearths no less
Than maids are wont to do,
Yet who of late for cleanliness
Finds sixpence in her shoe ?

and which ends :

To William Churne of Staffordshire
Give laud and praises due ;
Who every meal can mend your cheer
With tales both old and true.
To William all give audience
And pay you for his noddle :
For all the fairies evidence
Were lost if it were addle.

Here and there in the seventeenth-century miscellanies there are gleams of real popular poetry like the great *Tom of Bedlam* song in the second part of *Westminster Drollery*, but the last traces of the true popular tradition die out in England in the eighteenth century, in spite of the half successful attempts to revive it in the lyrics and ballads of Prior and Gay and the single triumph of Cowper in his *John Gilpin*.

But in Scotland the position was very different. There the tradition of popular song had not been vulgarized as in England, and there was no great classical tradition to eclipse it. There we find writers, like Allan

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Ramsay, Robert Fergusson, Lady Nairne, and others, producing poetry in the genuine popular tradition with all the old lyrical sweetness; and there finally we find Robert Burns, who, like Villon in the fifteenth century, was a great artist following, in his best work, the popular instead of the courtly and learned tradition.

When the great revival of poetry came in England at the end of the eighteenth century, it did not on the whole take the form of a return to the spirit of popular poetry, in spite of the influence of Percy's famous collection. Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare (the Shakespeare of the tragedies and the courtly comedies and the sonnets), the Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists, and, above all, Milton, had oversung the 'Wood-notes wilde', and it was in their works on the whole, rather than in the popular ballads and songs of the Middle Ages, that Coleridge, Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, and Keats found their main source of inspiration. Coleridge, whose mind was the great formative influence on the new poetry, was a scholar and a philosopher, who cared far more for ideas than for the flesh and blood of popular poetry, and that is why *The Ancient Mariner* is so very different from the old English ballads.

It is true that Wordsworth, who came from yeoman stock, felt that English poetry needed strengthening by means of a renewed contact with common life, and his famous theory of poetic diction was certainly due to this feeling. But, in spite of all his efforts, Wordsworth's attempts to write popular poetry are hardly successful. He is too often like a bird of paradise trying to imitate the habits of a barn-door fowl. His true subjects are the subjects of *The Prelude*, *The Lines composed above Tintern Abbey*, the great *Ode*, and the sonnets. They are his own inner life and the spiritual element in nature, and the relations between the two. It is curious to notice that, even among his poems of peasant life, the most successful, like *Resolution and Independence*, deal with ideas rather than persons or things.

Byron, Shelley, and Keats lifted poetry back again into the English tradition of grand and ornate art, and that tradition was maintained by the best work of their successors, Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, and the Pre-Raphaelites. These poets at their best are all essentially poets for the student and the lover of poetry, and not for the ordinary man or woman. At the end of the nineteenth century, however, some impatience was being felt at the essential other-worldliness of the poetry of the preceding age, and there was a widespread desire to bring English poetry again into touch with common life. J. M. Synge, in the preface to his own *Poems*, expresses this feeling very well.

' Even if we grant that exalted poetry can be kept successful by itself, the strong things of life are needed in poetry also to show that what is exalted or tender is not made by feeble blood. It may almost be said that before verse can be human again it must learn to be brutal '.

These words describe exactly the task which has been partly performed by the poetry of Thomas Hardy in our own time. He brought poetry back from its splendid voyages among the stars to ' the strong things of life ', and taught it to be brutal for a while that it might again be human.

But, of the thousands of modern readers of Thomas Hardy's novels and poems, not one in a hundred has probably even heard the name of his great predecessor, William Barnes, the Dorset poet and philologist, to whose example Hardy owed so much and whose greatness he so generously acknowledged.

Barnes is perhaps the greatest poet in the popular, as opposed to the courtly and exalted, tradition which England has produced. Like Burns, he was a great artist who deliberately chose to write in the popular rather than in the classical manner. If the southern English had the genius for self-advertisement which characterizes the Scotch and the Germans, the poems of William Barnes would be known like those of Burns and Heine from China to Peru. As it is, no complete edition of them is at present available, and Barnes is scarcely noticed by the critics and literary historians. *The Cambridge History of English Literature* dismisses him in a single paragraph in a chapter on ' Lesser Poets of the Nineteenth Century ', while the shorter histories and text-books usually ignore him entirely. The neglect of the work of William Barnes will be attributed by many to the fact that he wrote in dialect. Yet the dialect of Barnes is, as he himself says, ' a broad and bold shape of the English language, as the Doric was of Greek ', and it is not only far more beautiful in itself, but also more easily understood by the ordinary English reader than the dialect of Burns. Nationalism and politics have cast a glamour round the Scottish and Irish dialects, while English dialects are still mainly thought of as the language of poor countryfolk, and persons who, if they were Sicilians or Bretons or even Irish or Scotch, would be called ' peasants '. As the work of Barnes is so little known outside Dorset to-day, it may not be out of place to give a brief sketch of his life.

William Barnes¹ was born in 1801, and was the son of a tenant farmer in the Vale of Blackmore. He was educated firstly at a village dame's school, and later at a larger school at Sturminster. He became clerk to a

¹ The writer of this article is chiefly indebted to the Life of William Barnes by his daughter, ' Leader Scott ', for the biographical details which follow.

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solicitor in that town, and at the age of seventeen obtained employment in another lawyer's office in Dorchester. It was at Dorchester that he seems to have written his earliest verses, and it was there that he published his earliest work, *Orra, a Lapland Tale*, in 1822. He married in 1822, and became master of a school at Mere in Wiltshire in 1823. At Mere he appears to have begun his philological studies, and there he taught himself many languages, including French, German, Italian, Greek, Latin, and Persian. In 1835 he opened a boarding-school in South Street, Dorchester, where his novel and highly successful methods of teaching attracted some attention. It was at this time that he began to study Anglo-Saxon and to be struck by its resemblance to the Dorset dialect which he had been hearing spoken around him since childhood. From these studies he was led to the composition of poems in the Dorset dialect, the first collection of which he published at Dorchester in 1844, with an interesting dissertation (which unfortunately has never been reprinted) and a glossary. He took a leading part in the life of the town and was one of the first secretaries of the Dorchester County Museum. In 1847 he graduated as a 'ten years' man' at St. John's College, Cambridge, and was ordained a priest of the Church of England. It is to be hoped that the statutes of the future University of Wessex will embody some arrangement similar to this old Cambridge custom which placed graduation within reach of those who cannot afford to spend three or four years at a university institution. Barnes's first collection of poems in the Dorset dialect was followed by another in 1850, and a third in 1863¹; he also published *Poems Partly of Rural Life in National English* in 1846, and *Poems of Rural Life in Common English* in 1879. His other works are voluminous and mainly philological. He became known as the champion of the 'purity' of English, and he fought consistently for the use of words of Anglo-Saxon origin. Some of his coinages, such as 'folkwain' for omnibus, 'wheel-saddle' for bicycle, and 'pushwainling' for perambulator, are perhaps quaint rather than happy. On the other hand, he probably helped considerably in the revulsion of feeling against the old notion that 'elegance' was to be gained by the use of words of Latin origin, and he may have helped to reinstate some of the old words which had been despised for a couple of centuries by 'polite authors'.

In 1862 he became rector of Came in Dorset, where he died in 1886. His poetry was especially admired by Coventry Patmore and by Francis Palgrave among his contemporaries. Tennyson also thought highly of

¹ The three collections were reprinted together in a single volume, which is now out of print, called *Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect* (Kegan Paul, London), in 1876.

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Barnes's poems, and his own dialect poems were possibly inspired by the example of the Dorset poet. When Thomas Hardy was working in an architect's office at Dorchester, he knew Barnes, and used to consult him on grammatical points. He frequently visited him at Came Rectory, and delighted in listening to his anecdotes of Dorset life.¹ He published a short article on Barnes in the *Athenaeum* of October 16, 1886, and he also made a selection of Barnes's poems which was published by the Oxford University Press in 1908. This little book is the best possible introduction to Barnes's work. It has the double interest of providing an excellent selection of Barnes's poems, and of showing the poems which Hardy chiefly admired. There is also a smaller selection made by the poet's son, the Rev. Miles Barnes, published by Messrs. Kegan Paul. These two little books contain the only verses by Barnes which are now in print.

Barnes's appearance was picturesque. It is said, by Capt. Berkeley Williams of Herringston, who remembers him distinctly, to be exactly represented by the statue by Roscoe Mullins at Dorchester. He wore a slouch hat, a cape, knee-breeches, and shoes with buckles, and generally carried slung over his shoulders a leather bag full of 'books and things to give to cottagers'. Hardy, in his article on Barnes in the *Athenaeum*, speaks of him as usually preferring 'the middle of the road to the pavement', and to be constantly 'thinking of matters which had nothing to do with the scene before him'. He describes him as plodding 'along with a broad, firm tread, notwithstanding the slight stoop caused by his years. Every Saturday morning he might have been thus seen trudging up the narrow South Street, his shoes coated with mud and dust according to the state of the roads between his rural home and Dorchester, and a little grey dog at his heels, till he reached the four cross-ways in the centre of the town. Halting here, opposite the public clock, he would pull his old-fashioned watch from its deep fob, and set it with great precision to London time'.

In his introduction to his selection from Barnes's poems, Hardy writes that, in his opinion, Barnes 'really belonged to the literary school of such poets as Tennyson, Gray, and Collins, rather than to that of the old unpremeditating singers in dialect. Primarily spontaneous, he was academic closely after; and we find him warbling his native woodnotes with a watchful eye on the predetermined score, a far remove from the popular impression of him as the naïf and rude bard who sings only because he must'. This criticism is exceedingly interesting. Hardy has summed up Barnes's work as a poet admirably when he writes 'Primarily spontaneous,

¹ See *The Early Life of Thomas Hardy* by Florence Hardy, pp. 37, 200, et passim.

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he was academic closely after'. Barnes was certainly a great artist in metrical form, and no 'naïf and rude bard', but, in the opinion of the present writer, it is slightly misleading to speak of Barnes as belonging to 'the literary school of Tennyson, Gray, and Collins'. It is true that, like those poets, he is a careful artist and a master of word music, but in his work there is a spontaneity and abandonment, as well as a quality of calling up concrete images, which are rarely found in the poets of what Hardy called the literary school. Barnes's finest lyric, *The Woodlands*, may be cited in support of this statement :

O spread ageän your leaves an' flow'rs,
Lwonesome woodlands ! zunny woodlands !
Here underneath the dewy show'rs
O' warm air'd spring-time, zunny woodlands !
As when, in drong or open ground,
Wi' happy bwoyish heart I wound
The twitt'rën birds a-buılden round
Your high-bough'd hedges, zunny woodlands !

You gie'd me life, you gie'd me jaÿ,
Lwonesome woodlands ! zunny woodlands !
You gie'd me health as in my play
I rambled through ye, zunny woodlands !
You gie'd me freedom, vor to rove
In aïry meäd or sheädy grove ;
You gie'd me smilën Fannëy's love,
The best ov all o't, zunny woodlands !

My vu'st shrill skylark whiver'd high,
Lwonesome woodlands ! zunny woodlands !
To zing below your deep-blue sky
An' white spring-clouds, O zunny woodlands !
An' boughs o' trees that woonce stood here,
Wer glossy green the happy year
That gie'd me woone I lov'd so dear,
An' now ha' lošt, O zunny woodlands !

O let me rove ageän unsplied,
Lwonesome woodlands ! zunny woodlands !
Along your green-bough'd hedges' zide,
As then I rambled, zunny woodlands !
An' where the missën trees woonce stood,
Or tongues woonce rung among the wood,
My memory shall meäke em good,
Though you've a-lošt em, zunny woodlands !

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Compare this lyric with the best nature poems of the 'literary school', with Collins's *Ode to Evening*, with Gray's *Elegy*, with Keats's *Ode to Autumn*. The difference is surely apparent at once. The 'literary' poets are far more self-conscious. They do not abandon themselves to their mood, as Barnes abandons himself. They paint a beautiful scene and are concerned with the relationship between that scene and their own inner lives. The excellence of Barnes's poem is of a different order. It is akin to that of the middle English lyric which begins 'Bytuene Mersh ant Averil', and to 'Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon'. Barnes is a careful and deliberate artist, but this does not make him self-conscious and detached in the manner of the 'literary' poet. For him at the time of inspiration, as for all poets of the popular tradition, his inner life is merged into the spiritual quality of his subject.

It is interesting in this connection to compare Barnes with Wordsworth when they are treating the same subject. Wordsworth's fine lines on *Nutting* are well known. He is concerned with the splendour of the woodland scene, with the delight of the boyish exploit, and with the effect of both of these things on his own inner life.

I felt a sense of pain when I beheld
The silent trees, and saw the intruding sky.

This is the method of the poet of the literary tradition, the tradition of the Grand Style. Let us compare it with the method of Barnes the poet of the popular tradition as seen in his lines *Out a-nuttèn* :

Last week, when we'd a haul'd the crops,
We went a-nuttèn out in copse,
Wi' nuttèn-bags to bring hwoime vull,
An' beaky nuttèn-crooks to pull
The bushes down; an' all o's wore
Wold clothes that wer in rags avore,
An' look'd, as we did skip an' zing,
Lik' merry gipsies in a string,
A-gwain a-nuttèn.

Zoo drough the stubble, over rudge
An' vurrow, we begun to trudge;
An' Sal an' Nan agreed to pick
Along wi' me, an' Poll wi' Dick;
An' they went where the wold wood, high
An' thick, did meet an' hide the sky;
But we thought we mid vind zome good
Ripe nuts among the shorter wood,
The best vor nuttèn.

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We voun' zome bushes that did feâce
The downcast zunlight's highest pleâce,
Where clusters hung so ripe an' brown,
That some slipp'd shell an' vell to groun'.
But Sal wi' me zoo hitch'd her lag
In brembles, that she couldn wag ;
While Poll kept clwose to Dick, an' stole
The nuts vrom's hinder pocket-hole,
While he did nutty.

Here the poet never thinks of himself as something separate from the scene that he is bringing before the reader's eyes. At the moment of inspiration his whole being is, as it were, fused with its vitality and beauty. Barnes, in refusing to write a poem to encourage Dorset men to enlist, once said, 'That is a subject connected with politics, not with poetry. I have never written any of my poems, but one, with a drift. I write pictures which I see in my mind'. This is what any true poet might have answered, but a poet in the literary tradition would think of the pictures and himself as two separate entities. Barnes has the popular poet's power of surrendering his whole being to the mind pictures.

Barnes's subjects are the landscapes of his native Dorset, with all their riches of trees, flowers, streams, birds, and butterflies, and the life of the countryfolk, their work, and their loves, their sorrows and pleasures, their humour and their superstitions. As a poet of nature he is unsurpassed in his own peculiar way, and his rich dialect seems to be made to express the rich quality of the pastoral Dorset scenery. His lyrics glitter with the light of wet, shining leaves, and grass and flowers and sunlit water and summer skies.

When vu'st the breakèn day is red,
An' grass is dewy wet,
An' roun' the blackberry's a-spread
The spider's gliss'nèn net.

On darksome pools o' stwoneless Stour,
When sof'ly-rizèn airs do cool
The water in the skeenèn pool,
Thy beds o' snow-white buds do gleam
So fàir upon the sky-blue stream
As whitest clouds a hangèn high
Avore the blueness o' the sky.

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An' there, in Maÿ, 'ithin the lewth
O' boughs in blooth, be sheidy walks,
An cowlips up in yellow beds
Do hang their heads on downy stalks.

Dear lilac-tree, a-spreaden wide
Thy purple blooth on ev'ry zide,
As if the hollow sky did shed
Its blue upon thy flow'ry head.

Barnes's landscapes are never excuses for moralizing or philosophizing. He abandons himself wholly to their beauty. It has been said that he speaks of nature as no peasant could speak of it. Such a criticism is wholly beside the point. The popular poet's business is not to speak like an ordinary man, but to express the things which the ordinary man feels but for which he cannot find words.

In Barnes's landscapes, humanity is never far distant. His pictures of the life of the Dorset villages can only be compared in their richness and raciness to the scenes of village life in the 'Wessex Novels'. More than any English poet he has succeeded in expressing in verse the poetry of the work of the farm. For him, as for Burns and for Theocritus, there is a quality almost of ritual in the humblest details of rustic toil. His work-people are no townsman's dreams of Corydon and Phillis, but genuine English flesh and blood, hard workers, great drinkers of ale and cyder, and by no means mealy-mouthed in their speech. What a gusto there is in the picture of *Hay-carren*! It is a scene which only J. F. Millet or the Thomas Hardy of *Far from the Madding Crowd* could have rivalled in paint or prose.

It is impossible not to be reminded of the 'Wessex Novels' on almost every page of Barnes's poems. His dairymaids recall Tess's companions at Tallbothays. His shepherds are first cousins to Gabriel Oak. His parties have the rich quality of Tranter Dewy's party in (*Under the Greenwood Tree*). Finally, no one can read of Barnes's Master Gwillet without recalling his first cousin Joseph Poorgrass in *Far from the Madding Crowd*.

It is true that there is little hint in Barnes's poems of that tragic side of Wessex life which is so prominent in the works of Hardy. His outlook is far more cheerful than Hardy's, though his cheerfulness has little in common with the forced optimism of a Browning or a Stevenson. When criticized adversely for having painted only the brighter side of Dorset life he answered 'that many persons thought he had painted our folk in too bright colours, but that everything he had written was true of someone

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in the classes described in the poems ; that he was in fact painting from life, though the level might be somewhat above the average'. This is an admirable answer to 'realists' of the kind that considers that 'realism' necessarily means the portrayal of the ugly or sordid parts of human life. Barnes's natural outlook was cheerful, as Hardy's was tragic or ironic, and each chose the elements in Wessex life that suited the quality of his art. But, if there is little tragedy in Barnes's work, there is plenty of pathos ; and no poet, not Barnes or Heine himself, has expressed the pathos of simple human relationships with more poignancy and delicacy. The poem called *Woak Hill* is a masterpiece in this way, and furnishes an admirable illustration of what has been said concerning the 'popular' quality of Barnes's poetry. The form is highly wrought and exotic, the 'pearl' measure of Persian poetry introduced, I believe, by Barnes into English and imitated by Hardy in *The Mother Mourns* and elsewhere, but the matter is essentially in the popular tradition. The poet does not moralize or rationalize, but expresses in the most direct manner all that is spiritual in the ordinary man's sense of bereavement.

When sycamore leaves wer a-spreaden,
Green-ruddy, in hedges,
Beside the red doust o' the ridges,
A-dried at Woak Hill ;

I packed up my goods all a-sheenèn
Wi' long years o' handlèn,
On dousty red wheels ov a waggon,
To ride at Woak Hill.

The brown thatchen ruf o' the dwellèn,
I then wer a-leàvèn,
Had shelter'd the sleek head o' Meàry,
My bride at Woak Hill.

But now vor zome years, her light voot-vall
'S a-lost vrom the vlooren.
Too soon vor my jaý an' my childern,
She died at Woak Hill.

But still I do think that, in soul,
She do hover about us ;
To ho vor her motherless childern,
Her pride at Woak Hill.

Zoo—lest she should tell me hereafter
I stole off 'ithout her,
An' left her, uncall'd at house-riddèn,
To bide at Woak Hill—

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I call'd her so fondly, wi' lippens
All soundless to others,
An' took her wi' air-reachèn hand,
To my zide at Woak Hill.

On the road I did look round, a-talkèn
To light at my shoulder,
An' then led her in at the door-way,
Miles wide vrom Woak Hill.

An' that's why vo'k thought, vor a season,
My mind wer a-wandrèn
Wi' sorrow, when I wer so sorely
A-tried at Woak Hill.

But no; that my Meäry mid never
Behold herself slighted,
I wanted to think that I guided
My guide vrom Woak Hill.

As a love lyrist, Barnes is more closely akin to such a poet as his friend Coventry Patmore than to the poets of unrestrained passion like Catullus, Heine, or Burns. He is the singer of faithful loves, of marriage, and of the family. But he could write love songs of a radiance and a melody which challenge comparison with the best of Burns even with *O my love's like a red, red rose* or *Àe fond kiss, and then we sever*. Such is the exquisite song *In the Spring*, written in the same 'pearl' measure as that used in *Woak Hill*.

My love is the maid ov all maidens,
Though all mid be comely,
Her skin's lik' the jessamy blossom
A-spread in the Spring.

Her smile is so sweet as a beäby's
Young smile on his mother,
Her eyes be as bright as the dew drop
A-shed in the Spring.

O grey-leafy pinks o' the geärdèn,
Now bear her sweet blossoms;
Now deck wi' a rwose-bud, O briar,
Her head in the Spring.

O light-rollèn wind blow me hither,
The väice ov her talkèn,
Or bring vrom her veet the light doust,
She do tread in the Spring.

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O zun meäke the gil'cups all glitter,
In goold all around her;
An' meäke o' the deäisys' white flowers
A bed in the Spring.

O whistle gay birds, up bezide her,
In drong-way, an' woodlands,
O zing, swingen lark, now the clouds,
Be a-vled in the Spring.

An' who, you mid ax, be my praises
A-meäken so much o',
An' oh! 'tis the maid I'm a-hopèn
To wed in the Spring.

Barnes has been compared several times to Burns in the course of this article, and I believe that, to an unbiassed judgment, the Dorset poet would not suffer by such a comparison. His range is perhaps narrower than that of Burns; and the Rabelaisian humour, the grotesque satire, and irony of the Scotsman belong to regions of the spirit into which he never enters. But, on the other hand, in Barnes's poetry there are none of the lapses into flat and would-be elegant 'poetic diction' which disfigure some of Burns's best work. There are no 'charmings' or 'vernal showers' or 'Phoebus's scorching beams', nor is there anything corresponding to the atmosphere of 'Scotch drink and Scotch religion' which Matthew Arnold deplored, while such a picture of a peasant household as that contained in the eclogue, *Father Come Hwome*, seems to the present writer as superior to the much lauded *Cotter's Saturday Night* as a sketch by J. F. Millet is superior to the best work of Morland.

In conclusion, a word may be said concerning Barnes's dialect. There are two kinds of dialect. There is the class dialect, which is merely a vulgarization of the 'standard' or 'literary' language, and there is the 'local' dialect, which has come down by independent descent from a form of the language which was once itself a standard speech. The Dorset English of Barnes, like the Anglo-Scottish dialect of the Lowlands and like the modern Provençal, belongs to the second of those categories. It is descended from the language of King Alfred, just as the modern Provençal is descended from the language of the troubadours. In the dissertation prefixed to his first collection of poems, Barnes shows conclusively that the case and tense systems of Dorset English are essentially the same as those of the language of Alfred, and that its sounds are certainly the descendants of the sounds of the old Wessex literary language, and he

proves his contention in a striking way by translating passages from the Anglo-Saxon version of the Gospels into modern Dorset. Barnes is a poet-philologist of the same type as Frédéric Mistral, the reviver of the ancient language of Provence. Such men furnish a convincing disproof of the fashionable modern notion that scholarship and poetry are mutually antipathetic. They were attracted by the beauty and raciness of linguistic forms which had been despised for centuries, but which now appeared full of freshness and vitality, as compared with a standard speech which was becoming jejune and lifeless. In this connection it is interesting to notice that the beauty of the Dorset English of Barnes consists, not only in the use of such fine racy dialect words as 'bloom' (= masses of blossom), 'parrick' (= a small enclosed field), 'drongway' (= a lane), etc., but also in giving new life to words which have become the mere counters of the professional versifier in standard English. The word 'maiden', for instance, in *Blackmore Maidens* and other poems of Barnes acquires an entirely fresh life. It is no conventional ornament, but a word which is at once full of poetry and part of a living speech.

The existence of true local dialects is a source of strength to a language. Standard English has been enriched by contact with such dialects in the past and can be further enriched in the future. A speaker at a recent ceremony in honour of Mistral said that the poet 'had been accused of regionalism which was prejudicial to the unity of France, but such a charge could not be substantiated. The French language was sufficiently strong to allow the existence of Provençal, Breton, and Alsatian'. Surely the same can be said of English. Our true local dialects are being rapidly replaced by degenerate class dialects. But some of them may still be saved, as they have been saved in Scotland and in France. One day, Wessex—which is hardly inferior to Provence in historical and literary associations—may reawaken to a cultural life comparable to that of the land of Mistral. When that day comes, Barnes will, no doubt, be honoured in Wessex as Mistral is honoured in France. Local patriotism may then be equal to the task of collecting and editing the whole of his voluminous works. Long before that date, however, it is to be hoped that a complete collection of his poems, with an adequate memoir, appreciation, and glossary, and the original dissertation of the edition of 1844, may be available. The production of such a volume might be an appropriate task for a Department of English Literature in an institution which aspires to become the University of Wessex.

V. DE SOLA PINTO.

CLAUDIAN AND HIS EPIC OF PROSERPINE

(Based on a lecture delivered to the Southampton Branch of the Classical Association)

CLAUDIAN is the last of the Latin classics, as his contemporary, Prudentius, is the first great Christian Latin poet. They are, says Dr. J. W. Mackail, 'like the figures which are fabled to stand regarding the rising and setting sun by the Atlantic gates where the Mediterranean opened into the unknown Western seas'. Prudentius was a Spaniard who, with the rich imaginativeness and glowing enthusiasm of his race, set forth the new themes of the Christian faith in verse which shows a complete mastery of all the forms of Latin metre. Claudian, who was his equal in the skill and versatility of his poetic style, was born in Alexandria and began writing in Greek: a fragment of an epic, *Gigantomachia*, is still extant in that language. But, coming to Rome, where he held a position in the Civil Service till his death, he won a great reputation, as a kind of imperial poet laureate, in the stormy period which followed the death of Theodosius and ended in the capture of Rome by Alaric in 408. This fatal issue the poet did not live to see. He died in 404, leaving a notable heritage of official poetry, including brilliant panegyrics on the Emperor Honorius and his general Stilicho; fierce invectives against Rufinus, the prefect of Arcadius, the Eastern Emperor; Eutropius, chamberlain of the Constantinople Court; and poems on the Gildonic and Gothic wars—all of considerable value to the historian of the period, as the reader of Gibbon knows. For these achievements Claudian received in his lifetime the honour of a public statue erected to his honour—*praegloriosissimo poetarum*—in the Forum of Trajan: the inscription is preserved in the Naples Museum.

Claudian's interest in Christianity is represented by two short poems, *In Iacobum* and *De Salvatore*. The latter celebrates, with irreproachable orthodoxy and in excellent hexameters, the truth of the Incarnation, ending with a prayer to the Saviour to bless the Emperor:

festis ut saepe diebus
annua sinceri celebret ieiunia sacri.

But his interest in Christianity is clearly detached; nor can it be said that in the poem *De Raptu Proserpinae*, when dealing with a theme of extra-

ordinary importance in the evolution of classical religion, he feels deeply what may be called the religious aspect of the legend. He possessed a very complete knowledge of the ancient mythology, which is impressed into everything he wrote with almost wearisome insistency. But in this respect he is but following the convention of the classical writers and especially the Alexandrine school. Like Prudentius, he had learnt his art from Virgil; but his patriotic love of Rome and the old regime was not combined with the human tenderness and more than human pity which makes his master's poetry unique in Roman literature. Nevertheless, there is a strain of pathos in the *Rape of Proserpine* which suggests that he is breaking through the rather frigid self-repression of the Court poet and is conscious of the elemental sadness of human experience. Can it be that one of the loveliest of all classical legends has touched him to finer issues as he recalls its symbolic rendering of the facts of death and resurrection?

It is curious that he alone of all the Latin poets should give the legend an epic setting. It falls into Ovid's scheme in the *Fasts* and *Metamorphoses*, and is treated with that poet's usual felicity and charm of manner, while, of course, Latin poetry abounds in allusions to the story. But we have to go back to the Homeric *Hymn to Demeter* for the first, and in fact the only, distinctive treatment in Greek literature. There it is associated with Eleusis and the celebration of what was the chief 'mystery' of the Hellenic world. The worship of the Earth-mother, Demeter, and her daughter, Korê, or Persephone, who represents the new blade of corn, is closely connected in Greek religion with the cult of the *Magna Mater*, the Rhea-Cybele of Crete and Asia Minor, if indeed the two cults are not really to be identified. It is this connection which explains what readers of Claudian may feel to be the unnecessary absence of Ceres from Proserpine when the rape takes place. This, therefore, is the ultimate meaning of the poem. It typifies the most primitive of all nature-concepts—the miracle of the seed-corn, which dies to live: the young Proserpine rapt into Hades by the Lord of Death, whilst Nature, the Earth-mother, waits in anguish and solitariness for the return of the lost glory. The pathos of autumnal maturity appealed to Milton.

. . . that fair field
Of Enna where Proserpine, gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
Was gathered, which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world—

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the lyric joy of youth's springtide to Shakespeare, whose *Perdita* cries :

O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon ! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty.

Can it be that Claudian is giving expression to a latent romanticism hitherto kept under by his political preoccupations and patriotic labours ? Most critics would scout the idea, and not without reason. But Claudian's picture of the old man of Verona in a short poem which glorifies the simple life of the country-side, and that of Ceres struck dumb with anguish when she finds the house bereft of her daughter, and the rendering of her successive moods of rage and sorrow and resignation, may be quoted on the other side. The poem is unfinished—perhaps cut short by the poet's death—and the beautiful incident of Ceres' visit to the house of Celeus, where, disguised as an aged nurse, she strives in vain to secure immortality for Demophoon, the infant of the household, and the final restoration of Proserpine to the upper air with a six or (eight) months' annual reprieve—these remain untold. How far the figure of the sorrowing mother of Proserpine may have given rise to, or at least supported, the sentiment which, in the fourth century, issued in the worship of the Virgin-mother of Christ, *Mater dolorosa*, is a speculation which powerfully appeals to minds attracted by the interaction of Christianity and paganism.

But let us turn to the poem itself. It opens with a stately *prooemium* and then discloses the theme :

How Love found out a way to break the heart,
The iron heart of Dis : how Proserpine
In her despite was ravished, yet did gain
Illimitable chaos as her dower :
Say o'er what winding shores her mother roamed
In wan, sick-hearted quest of her she bore ;
Say whence there came to man the bounteous fruits,
And how the oak Dodonian lost her sway,
The acorn yielding to the new-found grain.

Pluto seeks a wife ; the Fates protest, but Jupiter yields to his request and announces Proserpine as the chosen bride. Then Ceres is introduced, withstanding all suitors to her daughter's hand, and at length entrusting the loved child to a safe haunt in Sicily, while she is absent at the shrine

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of Cybele on Mount Ida. To Venus is given the task of alluring the maiden and awakening Pluto's ardour :

Why leave unstirred
The nether realms ? . . .
Touch with thine arrow spells, to gentle dreams,
Sad Acheron and adamantine Dis.

Venus, accompanied by Pallas and Diana, sets forth on her errand :

Before their sacred feet the pathway gleamed,
As when some comet, boding fearful doom,
Shoots forth a flying trail of blood-red fire,
A ruddy portent marked as omen grim
By trembling sailors and by city crowds,
Its threatening locks or storms betokening
For ships, or foeman's onward march for towns.

Proserpine softly singing the while to herself is embroidering a gift for her mother on her return—a descriptive passage that won the praise of Walter Pater in his memorable essay on *Demeter and Persephone*. Claudian's love of colour, its tints and combinations, and his sense of Nature's variegated splendour here finds notable expression ; even the underworld has a place in the design :

Nor did the omen fail :
For sudden, as by some dim prescience waked,
A storm of weeping brake adown her cheeks.
And now upon the tissue's utmost marge
She had begun to trace the winding curves
Of Ocean river and its glassy fords,
When the hinge turns and she perceives the Three
Draw nigh, and unfulfilled leaves her task.

The steeds of Pluto are harnessed ; and in Book II, whose theme is Proserpine (the central figure of Book III is Ceres), we see her clad in a robe of lovely design, seeking the flowery glades of Henna, accompanied by her train of nymphs. Zephyr's artistry has created a landscape rich with the hues of fresh green and brilliant flowers—roses and violets, marjoram and hyacinth—and with woods of pine and other trees :

Oaks dear to Jove, and cypress shading tombs,
Bee-haunted holm-oak, fate-foreknowing bay.
Here down from its massed crest the box-tree shakes :
There ivy creeps and vines array the elms :

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Hard by, a lake (Pergus its native name)
Spreads out, and through the fringe of leafy woods
Its pale shore-waters gleam : eyes that see deep
May test their skill : wide is the limpid flow
That to its depths draws the unhindered gaze
And shows the secrets of its crystal heart.

Pluto approaches, as Proserpine with eager joy plucks the blossoms—a lovely scene in which Claudian is at his best :

She heaps the spoil
Of woodland blooms in osier-baskets gay,
And now she twines the flowers in one and crowns
Herself unwitting, omen dread of wedlock's doom.

The goddesses share her youthful ardour : Pallas' warlike mien is softened, and the Huntress decks herself with flowers. Then the island quakes ; the stars change their orbits ; the air is poisoned by the foul breath of Pluto's steeds. And, in spite of the intervention of Pallas and Diana, Proserpine is carried off in the chariot of the Lord of Hades. She is terror-stricken, and vainly cries to her mother for help. Pluto strives to comfort her with gentle speech, promising a realm where the Elysian sun shines, where are soft meads and undying flowers ; and also a seat of judgment where, by her verdict, the guilty will be condemned and the good find peace. Hades is entered ; all punishments cease—Ixion's wheel, tortures of Tantalus and Tityos—death for the time is no more. The nuptials are celebrated with joy amidst the pacans of the blest.

This event has its effect on the order of Nature, hitherto wild and uncultivated. An assembly of the gods, at the opening of Book III, is addressed by the Father of gods and men, and the decree is issued that Ceres shall seek for her lost child until she learns the truth, and thereupon shall accord to man the gift of corn. The scene shifts to Mount Ida, where Ceres is haunted by fears and horrid dreams. In her sleep, Proserpine appears :

Not as she walked of yore on Sicily's lawns,
Nor as she was in Henna's rose-clad glades
What time the goddesses beheld her. Now
Her hair more beauteous than gold was dimmed,
And night had dulled the splendour of her eyes ;
Her blush, the radiant veil of her proud face,
Was blanched by piercing ice, and now her limbs,
Which once shone whiter than the frost of dawn,
Had darkened to the hues of her dark realm.

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Ceres cries out :

Art thou my child ?
My very own ? or doth a ghost deceive ?

Bidding a frenzied farewell to Cybele, she journeys in haste to Sicily and reaches the house where Proserpine lived. It is empty and silent ; and, chilled to the marrow by anxiety, she crawls through each vacant room :

And recognizes the half-rended web,
Its threads all-tangled and the shuttle's work
Broke off. The goddess' toil had come to naught,
And now a spider bold was filling up
What yet remained with sacrilegious web.

No tears she shed, nor yet bewailed the ill :
Only the loom she kisses and to silence chokes
Her plaints among the threads, and fondles close,
As 'twere her child, the spindles which her hands
Had worn, the tasks which she had thrown aside
And scattered relics of her maiden sport. . . .

* * * *

Like to a shepherd by his empty stalls
Aghast, whose herd by Punic lions fierce
Or band of raiders sudden had been seized,
Returned too late across his wasted lands,
He calls his kine who ne'er will answer more.

Then Ceres finds her old nurse, Electra, who tells the story of the guile of Venus and its fatal issue. Ceres breaks into fierce anger against the goddesses and mounts to the circle of the gods to utter her bitter rage. By Jove's decree no answer is given and she then breaks into soliloquy :

All have gone. Ah me, why vainly linger here ?
Wist not 'tis open warfare with high heaven ?
Nay ! rather seek thy child o'er land and sea.
I gird myself to range the days : I fare
Tireless by winding paths : no rest, no sleep,
No pausing for one hour until I find
My ravished pride. . . .

Trample me down : proud lord ye in the sky !
O'er Ceres' child your splendid triumph win !

On Mount Etna she prepares her torches for the journey. The landscape of the mountain, with its sacred grove decked with the spoils taken from the Giants after their vain attack on Jove, with its hidden fires and thunder-

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ings, is vividly described. Ceres starts on her travels and thus apostrophizes Proserpine :

Not these the torches, Proserpine, I hoped
To bear for thee, but prayers all mothers pray,
Torches to light thy couch, the nuptial-song
That mounts the sky. . . .

* * * * *
Where seek thee, in what clime and neath what pole ?
Who'll be my guide ? What prints will show the way ?
How know the chariot ? or who the Ravisher is ?
Lives he on land or sea ? How shall I track
His flying wheels ? But go I will. Where'er
My feet a chance shall lead me, I will go.
Let Venus' mother know like loneliness !
But will my toil avail ? shall I again
Embrace thee, O my child ? Is yet unmarred
Thy loveliness, unmarred thy radiant cheeks ?
Or shall I wretched look on thee, perchance,
As in my dreams thou camest through the night ?

The poem, which covers over eleven hundred lines, breaks off with the torch of Ceres lighting up the Mediterranean from the shores of Italy to the African coast. Unfinished, like Proserpine's task, the poem ends on the tragic note, leaving the mind, as tragedy must always leave it, purified by compassion and with the imagination awakened and alert. The above brief extracts, from a version of the poem attempted by the writer, may perhaps give some indication of its interest and beauty. It lacks the touch of creative genius and has some obvious faults : but the remarkable ease and skilfulness of its Latinity, the brilliance of its descriptive passages and similes, which reveal a real sense of colour and of the beauty in Nature, the animation and vividness of the speeches, especially those of Ceres, and the strain of pathos with which her loneliness and anguish are depicted—are features which entitle it to be regarded as adding a lustre of its own to the dying splendours of Latin classical poetry.

R. MARTIN POPE.

ADULT EDUCATION IN WESSEX

WESSEX at a first sight is none too promising a locality for adult education, whose traditional strongholds—urban populations focussed around industrial centres—are scarce here. Rural populations are notoriously hard to stir. It is no longer true that they are coy of being organized. On the contrary they are far too well organized and the difficulty is one of finding the free night when the majority of would-be students is not taken up with the choir practice, the Women's Institute, market-day and its attendant relaxations or some other of the manifold interests which now pervade the village. It might seem that a community so fully occupied stands in little need of educational stimulus, but it is from the free yet disciplined mental exercise of the good study circle or class that the other more regimented activities derive some of their most vital qualities. That this is acknowledged by the organizers of existing village societies is shown by their willingness to accept educational facilities. The Rural Community Councils and notably the Federation of Women's Institutes are increasingly tending to guide their local branches through the experience of the single recreational lecture to the sustained course of six, twelve or more lectures.

Yet with all the activity in the villages there is a great deal of conservative reluctance to adopt new values and admit strange persons into the closed circle of village life. The Women's Institute is made up of familiar characters in sometimes unfamiliar rôles. To form a students' group would be to let in the draught of alien personality and suspect views in the shape of the tutor or lecturer. Let the shameless and shallow 'towny' rush to exchange confidences with an outsider. His problems like his breeding are artificial and ephemeral, a mushroom of the moment compared with the age-old oak of true rustic dignity and tradition.

If this be a fanciful explanation of the difference between urban readiness and rural reluctance to adopt the adult class, the fact nevertheless remains and provides one of the most difficult of problems. It is that of finding the right tutor for the Pioneer Class. He must be qualified by knowledge to teach his subject; he must understand the technique of this particular type of teaching—and it is a special technique—and he must know in detail the lives of the class of people he teaches, or preferably be known personally by them. Fortunately people with these qualifications are to be found though not in sufficient number: and the problem of the supply of tutors remains a difficult one. It is exaggerated by the forbid-

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ding if not impossible nature of cross-country travelling. In several cases a two hours' class has entailed a journey of even eight hours.

Field work has been much strengthened by the establishment of the Southern District of the Workers' Educational Association. In fact at the present moment the burden of the work rests on its shoulders. The Department for Extra-Mural Studies was instituted at the College only two years ago and has been handicapped by a change of secretaries within that short period. Nevertheless it has now an efficient system and is ready to take a full and developing place and to look hopefully for achievement within the coming session. The College and the workers' organizations work together in Joint Committee for the creation of Tutorial Classes which run for a period of three years, and separately for the establishment of One-year Classes and Terminal Classes on the one hand and University Extension Courses on the other. Close co-operation, however, is needed over the whole field of organization and nothing could be more satisfactory than the progress already obtained and that further in view in this respect.

It is naturally in the home county that most work has been done. Hampshire is tolerably well served in adult education. During the past session there have been nine Tutorial Classes, eight University Extension Classes and fifty One-year, Terminal and Pioneer Courses. Vigorous progress in all these varieties is expected in the forthcoming session. In the Isle of Wight the record is less cheering. Two University Extension Courses and one One-year Class are the full tally. Next year there are to be at least five or six University Extension Courses but still more might be done if lecturers had wings. The difficulties of travelling are here so acute—a class inevitably means a night spent in the Island—that the only satisfactory solution for the future seems to lie in the appointment of a part-time resident tutor. Sussex promises very interesting developments. An experiment in close co-operation between the W.E.A. and the Extra-Mural Department is projected with which the Women's Institutes are associated. The Rural Community Council is vigorous and the Education Committee of the West Sussex County Council is helping generously with financial backing. The two University Extension Classes and twelve One-year and Terminal Classes of this year should be multiplied more than once over in next session's work. In East Dorset distance again is an obstacle, added to which is the fact that the ground is well traversed by Oxford University Extension Societies. Only one Extension Course and six One-year and Terminal Courses were held last year. Wiltshire is as yet an unmined field and its possibilities are to speculate upon.

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The summary statement of this year's programme shows nine Tutorial Classes, fourteen University Extension Courses varying from twelve to six lectures and about eighty One-year, Terminal and short Pioneer Courses. The subjects treated were as follows :

<i>Subject</i>	NO. OF CLASSES	
	<i>W.E.A.</i>	<i>University Extension</i>
National and Local Government, Citizenship, etc.	21	3
Economics	20	2
Economic Geography	3	1
History	17	
Literature	23	4
Science	2	
Psychology	3	2
Music	1	
Appreciation of Art		2
	90	14

Altogether upwards of 2,000 students used the courses.

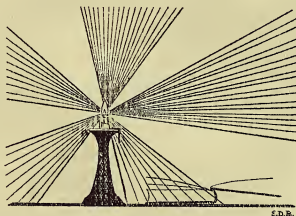
The coming year promises a pronounced increase in the work of the Joint Committee and the Workers' Educational Association and a very great development in the Extension Courses. Several well-begotten Extension Societies are coming to birth in the autumn and a dignified series of lectures is to be founded in Winchester, which, it is hoped, will become an institution not unworthy of that ancient seat, and which is to be inaugurated by a course by the Dean of St. Paul's.

The record of the past is not too bad when it is considered that both the responsible organizations are still in their cradle stage. On the whole however, we had best look forward with ambition and justifiable hope, rather than backward with pride. Adult education is Everyman's University and, so far as popularizing learning is concerned, may claim to stand in the same relation to the provincial universities as the latter do to the ancient universities. To-day truth no longer stagnates at the bottom of a well. It is published with illustrations in fortnightly numbers and broadcast through the ether. Of its springs some are clear, some turbid, but they flow freely. To hold or gain ground learning is being forced to compete with more frivolous interests and there is a danger that, in adopting some of their seductions it will slide down hill from a worthy ideal of popularization into mere vulgarization. A success which reveals

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itself solely in a multiplication of numbers of classes and students is one which I think ought to be regarded with suspicion. The quality which ought to pervade the work in this district is one directly related to the district's needs and nature. Whatever the class subject may be—economics, literature, history—though the facts imparted must be different, yet the spirit that animates these different facts, and the essence of the conclusions drawn from them should be such as to enrich not an individual intellectual life only, but a social and specifically rural life. The means are not yet apparent whereby this unifying spirit can be breathed into the large and increasing numbers of individuals who share as students, tutors and organizers in the adult educational movement in Wessex, but I believe they must be anxiously sought.

A. TOMLINSON.



E.D.R.

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IF human language is inadequate to paint the glory of the sky above the westering sun, still less is it adequate to portray a human personality. On sitting down to write a biographical notice we are conscious of the impression of a personality, and, in striving to reduce our subject to words, the pen drives heavily as a diamond upon glass. True friendship never analyses; we accept our friends for what they are, not for the qualities they possess. Moreover, Rudolf Otto has taught us that intellectual concepts can never exhaust the content of an idea, and insists that the totality of all rational description still leaves out of count elements that are perceived, not by thought, but by feeling. And it is just this that makes the task of the biographer so overwhelmingly difficult; words fail us like a weapon shivered in our grasp. Probing a personality and reducing it to words feels akin to the sin of looking into the Ark.

In writing of John Wesley Horrocks, this difficulty comes home with peculiar intensity. It was so very specially the *man* that aroused our interest, won our admiration, engaged our affections. He was neither brilliant nor famous; he hazarded no daring hypothesis to go down to history by his name, nor did he conduct some epoch-making experiment. To the great world his existence was unknown, he passed in and out amongst us in Southampton almost unnoticed. It is only the shock of his sudden death on January 19th, and the sense of the empty chair, which has forced us to attempt a little analysis, and to ask ourselves what it was, among those who knew him, that constituted his special charm, and why it is that his removal has left so large a void. Here time helps, for, as the impression of his personality gradually recedes, the characteristics of his genius (for he *had* genius) become more plainly visible.

Horrocks was distinguished by the possession of a head and a heart in proportion to his massive frame. Many of the qualities which in others are taken as the product of grace seemed in him to be natural endowments—humility, fortitude, love of truth, sympathy. Utterly devoid of ambition or personal vanity, he threw his whole soul into his various projects with selfless devotion. A born investigator, in his historical researches he never rested content with the judgment of others, nor relied upon the accuracy of their facts. Each authority he weighed, each fact he searched out afresh. No one ever followed the advice of the centenarian Martin James Routh—‘verify your references’—with closer application, and, had he attempted to write history, his single aim, like Creighton’s,

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would have been 'to write *true* history'. This attention to detail alike added to and detracted from his eminence as an historian. It added, inasmuch as his opinions were founded upon original authorities, upon the exploration of untrodden and neglected by-paths, and upon the ruthless testing of popular beliefs; it detracted, because in a certain sense it left the wood obscured by the trees. He preferred the use of the microscope to that of the telescope. His learning was principally effective in out-of-the-way knowledge. Thus, although his essay on the influence of the principles of Macchiavelli upon English politics gained him the coveted degree of Doctor of Letters from London University, the philosophy of history was only secondarily his preoccupation; he was more at home in the reading-room of the British Museum, or among the muniments of the local archives at Southampton.

The objects to which Horrocks applied his microscope were generally to be found close at hand, available from personal association or local tradition. His interest in the reputed finding of the timbers of the *Mayflower* grew, for instance, out of his Nonconformist upbringing and the association of that somewhat overrated vessel with the port of Southampton. Once his interest was kindled, he set off to investigate in various directions, his journeys including visits to the Quaker settlement in the Chilterns and to a chapel at Newbury (where he incautiously put his foot through the ceiling). In the end he pulverized this fond fancy, and his stock went down to zero among many pious devotees. Association with Hampshire was the starting-point of many literary friendships. He searched out, in many a long walk, all the places of residence of W. H. Hudson, and became an authority upon him. Jane Austen attracted his attention likewise; he found his way to Steventon and Chawton, while Winchester and Southampton afforded scope for research nearer home. At the British Museum he discovered a contemporary account of the journey of Charles I from Hurst Castle to Hampton Court; the passing through Redbridge afterwards became an episode in the *Pageant of Hampton*, and on January 30th, 1929, the 280th anniversary of the death of King Charles, *The Times* printed a letter from Horrocks recording his discovery, set out in the coveted large print, a distinction that afforded the writer a modest satisfaction.

Towards the close of his life, Dr. Horrocks turned his attention towards Charles Kingsley as another Hampshire worthy, and late one autumn afternoon tramped out from Crowthorne to Eversley. While as to Isaac Watts, the legend of his birth in a house patently of later date was taken as a direct challenge. Patiently Horrocks set to work to search out forgotten

wills and rate-books, and his final demonstration that the illustrious Puritan divine could not have been born in Bugle Street, coupled with a strong presumption that his birthplace stood in the High Street, aroused no little animosity among those credulous folk to whom local traditions are invariably sacrosanct. So far as we know, only in a single instance did Horrocks initiate an investigation beyond the county borders; Cholderton Parsonage, the home of Thomas Mozley, who had married Newman's sister, drew him into Wiltshire. It was from this house that Newman, in October 1839, first put on paper his doubts of the Anglican position after pondering afresh Wiseman's famous article in the *Dublin Review*. 'I assume', he wrote ominously, 'that Rome is right'. Yet Horrocks's interest, at this period, lay with Mozley rather than with Newman, presumably because of Mozley's position as a leader writer on *The Times*. It was only later that Horrocks yielded to the fascination of Newman himself.

Nor can we pass over in silence Horrocks's useful and laborious investigations among the town archives of Southampton. Once again the compelling interest lay in the circumstance that the archives were *Southampton* archives. All ancient manuscripts to him were, as Dr. Johnson said of the Giant's Causeway, 'worth seeing', but only Southampton ones were 'worth going to see'. Even at the British Museum his researches were primarily in relation to matter concerned with the town and county of Southampton.

As we look back upon the subject-matter of all these arduous researches their general tenor becomes evident. Horrocks seldom, if ever, initiated an investigation; he waited until some subject came to hand. As soon as a stimulus offered, immediately his critical faculty came into play, and he set out upon the venture of verification or destruction. Probably his long hours as a reporter in the House of Commons kindled his interest in the principles of Macchiavelli; Hudson, Jane Austen, Kingsley, Isaac Watts—a strangely discordant company—were all connected with Hampshire. The link is with a *place*—England, Hampshire, Southampton. He wrote as a patriot, as a citizen, interested in his surroundings; yet a discriminating patriot, for he had the courage to be a conscientious objector during the war; and a candid citizen, for many a cherished popular legend perished at his hands.

Horrocks's claim to genius must be rested upon a capacity for taking infinite pains. Having little of the hero-worshipper, he seldom betrayed any interest in the personalities of those whose lives he investigated; it was not the personalities themselves, but the circumstances of their lives that attracted him. He made a study of Macchiavelli, yet abhorred his

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philosophy ; if he revelled in Jane Austen, it was not the novelist or her characters, but the persons mentioned in her letters that primarily concerned him. If he inquired into Kingsley's life, it was not because he was interested in muscular Christianity or in the establishment of social justice as such. He did not go to his subjects for their literary pre-eminence, or their ethical teaching, or their religious influence ; he devoted himself simply to their connection with local topography. While he passed over the absurdities of Mr. Collins and Lady Catherine De Bourgh, whose characters are household words, he thought it worth while to journey to West Woodhay, just over the confines of Hampshire, to gather information about the Sloper family—and their morals—merely because of a chance reference in one of Jane's letters. He could have written an admirable introduction to a literary classic, with voluminous learned notes on the text ; he would never have created a literary cult.

Perhaps his gifts best found expression as a popular lecturer. For, each winter, he usually prepared a single lecture for the delectation of select audiences where he was ever welcome—before the Southampton branch of the Historical Association) of which he was secretary for half a generation), literary societies, church clubs. The very titles he chose betray the trend of his interests ; one year he would speak on ' Biography ', another on ' Anachronisms ', another on ' Popular Historical Errors '. Master of his subject, he would speak without a note. His matter was attractive, his voice resonant ; his periods were illumined by flashes of a humour all his own. Contemptuous of shams, he mercilessly exposed the pitfalls which historical novelists, combining a high degree of imagination with a painful ignorance of facts, unconsciously dig for themselves. His scorn fell upon the long catena of authors of text-books who speak sententiously of the ' signing ' of Magna Carta, driving home their point by a woodcut ; he would delight to show how the Charter of English liberties received authorization, not by a *pen*, but by a *seal*. He told, with grim humour, the story of the juryman in a murder trial who, having been got at, pledged himself to vote for manslaughter and obstinately stood his ground until he won over the rest of the jury, who were for an acquittal !

In making his researches, Horrocks pursued learning for its own sake ; although his knowledge was at everyone's service, he seldom attempted to thrust it into the glare of publicity. Content to have verified his references, he let his information lie dormant unless provoked by inaccuracy. In company his excessive shyness only allowed him to open out before friends. In an unsympathetic atmosphere he simply froze up ; in congenial society he melted ; even so his sympathetic nature made him more

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ready to listen than to talk. Seldom introducing topics of his own, he would listen for hours to the reading of an as yet unpublished manuscript, bending all his energies to the unravelling of knotty points. His next visit to the British Museum would be sure to bring back a host of fresh details. Much of his leisure went in the conduct of investigations for friends, and we must add *friendship to places* as a motive for his energies.

Are these the characteristics of a true scholar? We think they are. Horrocks combined, in exquisite proportion, caution, patience, and a balanced judgment. In the interest of learning, it may perhaps be regretted that his singular qualities never found scope for ripe expression, and that the books on which he was supposed to be engaged—a treatise on Macchiavelli and a monograph upon Hudson—hardly possessed an existence more substantial than as projects in his brain; and we may equally regret that his abilities seemed to be frittered away upon ephemeral and local interests, when he was capable of producing a really great work. But, morally, this lack of application is of little consequence. To *be* is better than to *do*. His loving regard for truth awoke in friends and pupils alike a new reverence for truth; the simplicity, humility, and singular unworldliness of his character, reinforced by an unswerving loyalty to friends and causes, left its mark upon all with whom he came into intimate contact.

His person, who can forget? The heavy build, the massive brow, the Napoleonic cast of countenance, the bushy lashes, the flashing eyes, the strange nervous trick of appearing to look at you when you were at a disadvantage. All these impressed themselves indelibly upon the imagination. There were so many engaging traits in this unusual personality. In him were blended strength and tenderness, loyalty and candour. Every inch a man, yet he played no games, and eschewed tobacco; his virtues were the virtues of childhood—affection, loyalty, simple faith; it was impossible to associate with him an ungenerous thought or a mean action, no complaint ever passed his lips, no uncouth expression defiled them. As a mentor of youth these were invaluable qualities.

And now he is gone. University College has lost an ornament, the Church a faithful son. Society mourns a friend, and youth a wise instructor. Keats, in bitterness of soul, wrote his own epitaph: 'Here lies a man whose fame is writ in water'. The Abbé Huvelin bequeathed no volume; 'his work was written in souls'. No monument of learning survives as the product of Horrocks's tireless energies, yet he is not forgotten; he leaves in many hearts the memory of a quiet and useful life of sincerity and loyalty. For him the search after truth is ended in the

JOHN WESLEY HORROCKS

contemplation of the eternal Truth in the beatific vision, and investigation has issued into adoration. He was an ordinary man who by unwearying patience demonstrated genius. The permanence of his memory depends upon the extent to which he has been able to communicate his enthusiasm to others; it may well be that when we have forgotten all he did we shall still remember all he was.

J. L. BEAUMONT JAMES.

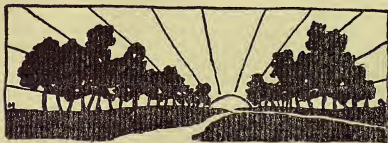
VERSES

Written in an album by the late Dr. J. W. HORROCKS when Barbara, a friend's daughter (born August 2, 1914), was only a few days old.

SO, Barbara, in this dreadful time
when reason wanes and woes increase,
you've come to earth, a little joy,
a little gift and pledge of peace.

And while the nations strain and strive
with sword and gun, in war's alarms,
you sleep, in all-unknowing trust,
secure within your mother's arms,

a promise of the time when men,
no longer barbarous and wild,
shall live together in the faith
of Barbara the little child.



ROBERT BRIDGES,

1844-1930

A YEAR ago the late Poet Laureate showed his interest in the movement for a University of Wessex by allowing us to print in our last number his fine lecture on poetry delivered as the first of the National Lectures of the British Broadcasting Corporation. A short time before the present number of *Wessex* was in the hands of the printers it was known that Mr. Bridges was dead. It is therefore considered fitting that this number should contain some appreciation, however inadequate, of the genius of this great Englishman. The words of Milton are alone appropriate to the circumstance in which the most Miltonic figure in modern English literature died :

His servant he with new acquist
Of true experience from this great event
With peace and consolation hath dismist,
And calm of mind all passion spent.

Robert Bridges died, like the hero of Milton's drama, at the moment of victory. His greatest poem, which he had been planning and meditating for years, had been completed and published. It had been acclaimed by all competent critics in the English-speaking countries as a masterpiece, and had completely silenced the complaints of ignorant critics who were incapable of understanding his greatness, and had invented the foolish legend of the 'Laureate's Silence'.

To many readers the early work of Bridges was a revelation of the possibilities of modern English poetry. Those wonderful *Shorter Poems*, with *Eros and Psyche*, *The Growth of Love*, and the two lovely *Masks* (now all obtainable together in the excellent one-volume Oxford edition) showed that it was possible to escape from the prison-house of the Victorian tradition without adopting the sickly affectations of the decadents, or the boisterous vulgarity of the school of Henley. Here was a poet who seemed to have brought back the best of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the lovely music of Campion and the gracious refinement of the young Milton, and who was, nevertheless, no imitator, but an original creative power.

ROBERT BRIDGES

Beautiful must be the mountains whence ye come,
And bright in the fruitful valleys the streams, wherefrom

Ye learn your song :

Where are those starry woods ? O might I wander there,
Among the flowers, which in the heavenly air
Bloom the year long !

There had been no such clear and spontaneous music in the English lyric since the Elizabethan song-books. Yet there are poems in these early collections which no Elizabethan could have written. The greatest of them all, the lines *On a Dead Child*, reminds us, not only that Bridges was a physician, but his mind was essentially modern in the sense that the minds of a Plato or a Pascal are modern, and essentially philosophical.

Then there are the *New Poems* and the *Odes*, including the great *Ode to Music written for the Bicentenary Commemoration of Henry Purcell*, with its ravishing ninth stanza which has been reprinted as a separate poem. There are the plays, among which is that crown jewel of modern poetic drama, *Achilles in Scyros*, a kind of classical counterpart to *The Tempest*, uniting Elizabethan colour and fantasy with the clear outlines of Hellenic art. The *Poems in Classical Prosody* are a stumbling-block to the traditionalist and foolishness to the Philistine, but for those who take the trouble to read Bridges's book on *Milton's Prosody*, and to follow the great experiment sympathetically, there are many delights in store, and even those who have no ear for 'quantity' in English can appreciate such a poem as the majestic sczons called *Johannes Milton Senex*, perhaps the greatest English religious poem since the seventeenth century :

Since I believe in God the Father Almighty,
Man's Maker and Judge, Overruler of Fortune,
'Twere strange should I praise anything and refuse him praise. . . .

The beginnings of the last phase of Bridges's art are perhaps to be found in the curiously neglected volume called *October and Other Poems* which appeared in 1920. This book contains poems, like *October* and *The Flowering Tree*, which might have been written thirty years before, and have the same enchanting music as the poems of the 'eighties and 'nineties. But, beside these, there are others in an entirely new manner at once philosophic and deeply religious. Such is the brilliant and enigmatic *Narcissus*, one of the poet's profoundest utterances, *The Excellent Way*, and, above all, the great Christmas poem, *Noel: Christmas Eve*, 1913, and its noble counterpart dated 1917. But it was in the volume that

WESSEX

appeared in 1925, called *New Verse*, that the new manner is fully developed. Here for the first time the poet completely reveals the power of his supreme metrical invention; the flexible twelve-syllable line of *The Testament of Beauty*, which was the final result of his many experiments to find an escape from the tired, traditional tunes, while avoiding the shapelessness of 'free verse'.

Much of the first section of *New Verse* reads like a series of studies for *The Testament of Beauty*. *Kate's Mother*, *Come Si Quando*, and *The College Garden* might be extracts from the later poem. They are poetry of the speaking rather than the singing voice, yet poetry that is illuminated by a visionary power which can transfigure the most prosaic subject-matter. This poet of eighty-one was succeeding in doing what nearly all his younger contemporaries had been attempting for a quarter of a century. Of *The Testament of Beauty* itself it would be impertinent to pretend to give a full description in such narrow limits as those of the present note. It might be called a complete image of the modern mind at its finest and subtlest set in the framework of the great Platonic myth of the Chariot of the Soul. It is undoubtedly the greatest long English poem since *The Prelude*, never, perhaps, rising as high as the peaks of Wordsworth's inspiration, but excelling his poem in humour and in intellectual quality. It will probably be recognized in the future as the one great philosophic poem of the modern world. Bridges has shown that it is possible to achieve a poem on the grand scale which is wholly modern in spirit and has attained the highest beauty without borrowing the antiquated upholstery of primitive myth or legend.

The activities of Robert Bridges were by no means confined to poetry. He was a great artist in the widest sense of the word, championing the claims of the spirit in many directions. His services to English Church music were important, and he widened the meaning of the office of Poet Laureate by assuming the guardianship of the beauty of the English language and of the English country-side.

The fine obituary notice in *The Times* described his character as 'aristocratic and unconventional, virile and affectionate, fearlessly inquiring, and profoundly religious'. He stands beside Spenser, Milton, Wordsworth, and Shelley as one of the great line of English poet-prophets. His work should be a well-spring of spiritual life to the England of the twentieth century.

V. DE S. P.

SONNET COMPETITION

THREE sonnets¹ of very considerable merit have been submitted in this competition, and my difficulty in deciding which most deserves the prize is so great as to make me somewhat regret having undertaken the adjudication.

Each sonnet has points of superiority to its two competitors, but each sonnet has also defects, and on the balance between them I have to decide which gives the best result. Form, sound, and content I take as the three qualities of main importance.

The terms for the competition expressly make 'any rime-scheme admissible', but, none the less, the rime-scheme chosen must be open to criticism. The writer of 'Words' has taken a small liberty of departure from orthodox form in the octave—a liberty that has been taken by Wordsworth and others, the use of four rhymes instead of two—and a large liberty in the sestet. It is this last liberty which I criticize. Three couplets do not give to the sestet that cumulative value preparatory to the closing lines which the non-Shakespearean sonnet seems to demand; the effect produced is too static and rigid, and this is increased by the number of full stops. In the whole sonnet there are nine; one or two (that in line eight for instance) might be dispensed with, and a colon substituted; but most of them are true full stops, and the sonnet in consequence lacks fluidity. The thought is good throughout; for content I think this sonnet stands first, though 'Quaestio' runs it close. 'Break ye the voice: the word cannot be broken' is a fine line, and it is well followed. The thought carries on finely to the end. Had the sestet not been a set of three couplets I should have awarded this sonnet the prize.

'Write me a Sonnet' is the most melodious of the three, but it is a melody that is fairly easy for a practised verse-writer to extract from such a subject. It is not hard to make a pleasant play of sound out of the beauties of nature. But the melody decisively diminishes in lines 5, 6, and 7 when these aids to music are hitched off. Line 10, I take to be a misprint of the typist's.² It has no possible scansion. If there is a missing 'an' before 'exquisite' the line is still not good. The next three lines are very good; the last line, in spite of its assertion, is a failure. This sonnet has less originality or force of thought than the other two. 'This and 'Quaestio'

¹ The sonnets are printed on pp. 104, 105.

² There was no error in the typescript—(Ed. *Wassene*).

WESSEX

are both thoroughly orthodox in form as regards the rime-scheme. In the separation of sestet from octave, 'Quaestio' is the more successful. For sonnet-form, I think it is the best. It does not begin well, but it gets into its stride all right in lines 3 and 4. The latter half of the octave is rather lacking in construction—the grammar a bit vague. Here also comes the main defect of the poem: the word 'slime' fights most unhappily with the rhyme 'divine' which follows it. The sestet opens with a weak line, but this does not damage the general effect of the close, which works up to an excellent finish. It is emotional, melodious, and well thought out. There is also a happy freedom in carrying on the sentence from line to line; there is even value in parting the adjective 'mad' from its noun 'terror' in the line following, but to get that value the poem needs a good reader. To this I award the prize.

If I am expected to give second place, I award it to 'Words'. I congratulate all three competitors on their good efforts.

LAURENCE HOUSMAN.

N.B.—The following are the three sonnets in the order in which they have been placed by Mr. Housman. Nos. 2 and 3 are the work of students of University College, Southampton, now in residence—(Ed. *Wessex*):

I

QUAESTIO

The hints of God, the hints of power malign—
The sunset here, and there Vesuvius glows!
Cyclone and canker, June and the wild rose,
Cockroach and viper, apricot and vine—
Portents diverse, but no conclusive sign!
The soul of man, a will o' the wisp that shows
And fades above the foetal slime, who knows,
Or deathless hung in firmaments divine?

Who knows, and who would not even prefer
Such boundary set to knowledge—not be sad
If no such undiscover'd land there were
Beyond the charted paradise, no mad
Terror, and no wild hope, no thunder-clad
Horizon, and no lone adventurer?

A. ROMNEY GREEN,
25 Bridge Street, Christchurch.

SONNET COMPETITION

2

WORDS

We have imposed significance in sound,
And in the hazard placing of a stroke.
Until the hour when first the first man spoke
The grave child Thought lay cradled, mute, and bound.

Saved from the shattered past, or yet unspoken,
The immortal phrases hold unmeasured power,
Speech we relinquish last in the panic hour.
Break ye the voice. The word cannot be broken.

Of all the ghostly things that twist the heart
Beauty alone stands silent and apart.
Science and love are babblers. While men think
Some will express their bodies' blood for ink.
In God the first small signs of Being stirred,
And God, in the beginning, was the Word.

MARY HACKER,
University College, Southampton.

3

'WRITE ME A SONNET'

'Write me a sonnet'! Sweet, what can I write?
The tender beauty of a crescent moon
In starless skies? The ever-changing tune
Of pine-trees, sentinel on hills at night?
Smooth, sweeping downlands green? These thoughts are trite.
The themes of poetaster's songs. Too soon
You tax my energies; in this hot noon
All inspiration's dead. Yet you were right.
Beauty of line and colour seems to clutch
My heart-strings, striking exquisite pain,
I must obey. Your voice is in the rain,
The wind's caress is gentle as your touch,
And you are beauty. Do I love too much?
I will not fail, nor let you ask in vain.

BARBARA BENINGTON,
University College, Southampton.

THE STUDENTS' UNION (1929-30)

A STUDENTS' UNION justifies its existence not so much by its material prosperity as by the spirit of good fellowship which it inspires in its members, and an annual report can, at best, record but half its achievements, for its less tangible and more far-reaching results are not such as may easily be computed.

This Session has, however, marked a very definite step forward in the history of the Union. Membership has increased by almost a third and the stimulating effect of added numbers has been visible in all departments of our student activity. The ample support now available has accelerated the development of Union societies and encouraged them to undertake more ambitious programmes. Nevertheless, our numerical weakness is still such that the enthusiastic co-operation of all members is not only possible but necessary for the success of our various undertakings.

Late in the Autumn Term the Stage Society produced *The Laft of Mrs. Cheney*, the performance of which involved a much finer standard of acting and dramatic ability than any play hitherto attempted. This success was followed up in the Spring Term by the production of Gilbert and Sullivan's *The Pirates of Penzance* by the Choral and Orchestral Society. The standard of chorus work attained was particularly high, which reflects the enthusiasm and industry of the rank and file of the Society. Choral work has proved so popular that meetings have been continued during the Summer Term.

The Debating Society continues to lack support, possibly owing to the heavy competition of its less intellectual rivals. Nevertheless, the Inter-Varsity Debate was even more successful than usual. Speakers showed considerably more ability than they have often done in the past, and were much more inclined to keep to the point. The social functions which precede and follow the Debate were thoroughly enjoyed by visitors and hosts alike, whilst a fair amount of local sight-seeing was also undertaken. Representatives from our own Union have travelled to other Colleges to try their mettle and receive student hospitality.

A most interesting and encouraging renewal of interest in politics and government has taken place among students this session and, mainly owing to the efforts of certain members of the Faculty of Economics, a Model Parliament has been organised and run with great success.

The Athletic Union has prospered side by side with the Union itself and three new clubs have recently been formed. The Boat Club owes its existence mainly to the generosity of Mr. Casson and is now well established. The Swimming Club has proved exceedingly popular and the Boxing Club has afforded an outlet to those of pugilistic bent. Our appearance in the University Athletic Union contests has not been heralded with any outstanding success, but it has furnished us with a number of attractive fixtures. Interest in sport continues to increase steadily and with greater facilities we are now able to cater for a diversity of demands. Our annual Athletic Sports were held for the second time on our own ground and proved most successful.

Our connection with the National Union of Students continues to afford us frequent opportunities of welcoming foreign students on their arrival at Southampton,

THE STUDENTS' UNION (1929-30)

and of entertaining them for a short while. Many pleasant acquaintances are thus formed and closer links between foreign Universities and our own College are made possible.

Rapid developments are now taking place in the residential side of College life. The new Women's Hall of Residence is already partly occupied and another Men's Hall is due to be opened in 1931. Internal government in the Halls is passing more and more into the hands of the students themselves, and the Union is thus enabled to keep more closely in touch with all residential activities.

Many non-Union Societies are still flourishing, although most of these are of an expressly Academic nature. The Students' Christian Movement, the League of Nations Union Society, the Scouts' and Rangers' Clubs are all doing good work and reflect the very varied interests which must, of necessity, come outside Union control. The Rambling Club attracts many with a love of the open air and a desire to wander.

Social service is still largely in the hands of Halls of Residence, the men assisting at Winchester Prison and the women with Play Centres. Our annual Rag, this year on behalf of local charities, yielded a substantial sum, and Carol Singers at Christmas collected some £25 for the Children's Hospital. Both the Stage Society and the Choral and Orchestral Society held performances on behalf of the Appeal Fund.

Much of the success of our Union functions has been due to the considerate co-operation which the College authorities, and especially the Principal and the Registrar, have consistently given us. The civic authorities, moreover, were of invaluable assistance in the organisation of the 'Rag', and we are much indebted to the Mayor of Southampton for the help he so willingly gave us. To the Mayor of Winchester also we are much indebted for his assistance at our annual Sports and at the Prize Distribution.

The life of the Union, we believe, is the surest indication of the healthy social condition of the College and we are confident that each year's progress is bringing us nearer to that goal to which we all aspire—a University for Wessex.

L. NICHOLS.



THE WHITE BIRD

by R. A. HODGSON

I SAW a white bird flying ;
I heard a lost child crying.

What is your sorrow, child ?

My bird, my bird is gone.
It led me on and on
Across the empty wild.

But why did you pursue ?

It was the fairest thing
That ever moved on wing,
Brighter than moon in dew.

Its breast was soft and cold ;
Its wings were wide and white ;
Its eyes were rubies bright ;
Its feet were yellow gold.

I would have spun a snare,
A slender net to cast,
To hold those wild wings fast
And draw them from the air.

Now I am left alone,
And naked and forlorn ;
Beyond the gates of horn
My silver bird has flown.

I heard a lost child crying ;
Only a lost child crying . . .

1925.

REVIEW.

SPECULUM RELIGIONIS. Essays and Studies in Religion and Literature from PLATO to VON HÜGEL presented by Members of the Staff of University College Southampton, to DR. C. G. MONTEFIORE on the occasion of his Seventieth Birthday. Oxford at the Clarendon Press, 1929.

The now popular form of honouring a scholar by dedicating to him a volume of essays, written by those who have been influenced by his teachings, has a special value. There is a distinctive flavour in the individual essays, however various their interest and diverse their theme. The volume brings home to us in a peculiarly effective way the character of our present thought and the contrast of our modern outlook with past cultural epochs. Historical criticism is as old as history. There is abundance of it in Herodotus and Thucydides. The result is not to purge old records of falsehood, but to write history anew. Benedetto Croce has said that all history is contemporary history and this does not mean merely that the past can only be interpreted in the light of the present, but that the writing of history, historiography, is the recording not what once was, but what now is. This is especially true of the historical studies in this volume; they are remarkable and enjoyable for their modernity.

Speculum Religionis is well named. It gives us as in a mirror a particularly intimate reflection of the new form which religion is assuming in our generation. A most striking change has taken place and it has come about within the memory of many still living. It is a change in the attitude of the religious mind generally and the Christian mind in particular towards what used to be described as the 'impregnable rock of Holy Scripture'. The Bible without losing its influence now exercises a quite different kind of authority. Not only is the absence of biblical quotation conspicuous but one writer describes 'know thyself' as a scriptural injunction, and it is doubtful if it would occur to one in a hundred readers to challenge the authority. Religious expression has ceased to cling lovingly to the biblical phrasing. Even the writer on the entomology of the Bible confines himself to obvious identities and misses the opportunity of giving us the modern scientific interpretation of the fiery serpents in the wilderness.

The new spirit of historical criticism is very clearly brought out in the excellent introduction essay by Mr. Burkitt on the work of Mr. Claude Montefiore himself to whom the volume is dedicated. The older biblical criticism from Hobbes and Spinoza to Bishop Colenso was concerned with textual errors of fact, with positive contradictions, or with implications which no kind of apologetic could explain away. The new criticism is profounder, more philosophical and orientated in a completely different direction. It is historical in a truer meaning of history. It is concerned to show how the religious intuitions which find free expression in the inspired prophet become petrified under the domination of the priest. The old criticism was hostile to traditional authority, or at least was generally so regarded, the new criticism is reverent, if not to the established institution, certainly to the mystery of religious experience which lies at their origin.

There is a tendency among writers who take the religious experience as their theme to a certain regrettable looseness in their employment of the terms mystic and mysticism.

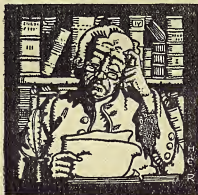
REVIEW

The terms are often used in an untechnical meaning which is most unfortunate. Mysticism often serves to describe any kind of vagueness in expression and occasionally provides a ready excuse for extravagant tropes or analogies. Indeed it is often made an apology for undisguised failure in imaginative and intellectual expression. The present volume is not free from reproach in this respect. The mystical experience, if it be fact, is not ordinary but extraordinary experience. Pascal's second conversion may have been a mystical experience, and in any case it may fairly be cited as evidence in support of the doctrine of mysticism, whereas to call the Puritan preacher Peter Sterry a mystic, as one of the most interesting essays does, is quite unintelligible; he was no more a mystic than was Pascal himself. Mysticism is a definite not an indefinite theory; although by its affirmation of the non-intellectual nature of religious knowledge it cannot submit this knowledge to logical analysis. Baron von Hügel, of whom Professor Cock writes in this volume with deep sympathetic appreciation was certainly a mystic, whether or not he ever had or claimed to have had the mystic experience.

H. WILDON CARR,

April 3, 1930.

It is greatly regretted that a review of Dr. Wildon Carr's important book *Cogitans Cogitatus* by Professor A. A. Cock must unavoidably be held over for the next number of *Wessex*.



NOTICES

WESSEX is designed to serve as a rallying point for the forces working to create a UNIVERSITY OF WESSEX based on University College, Southampton, and also to provide an Annual Review of Intellectual Affairs for the district. It is published annually at the end of May.

THE ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION is ONE SHILLING AND NINEPENCE. It is payable in advance to the Registrar, University College, Southampton. WESSEX will be sent post free to all subscribers. It can be purchased from booksellers for One Shilling and Sixpence (Post free 1/9).

CONTRIBUTIONS consisting of Articles, Poems or Drawings should be sent to the Editor, Professor V. DE S. PINTO, University College, Southampton. They should be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. All MSS. should be typewritten. Neither the Editor nor the University College are responsible for opinions expressed in signed articles or reviews.

PUBLISHERS and AUTHORS of books connected in any way with Wessex are invited to send copies for review to the Editor, University College, Southampton.

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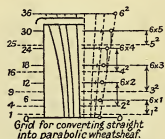
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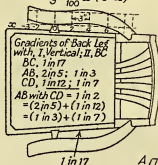
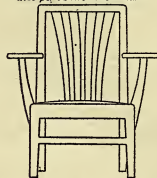
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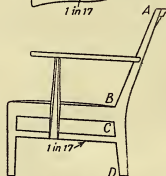
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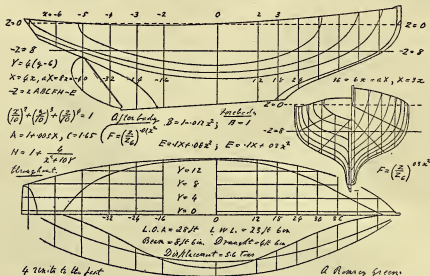
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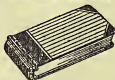
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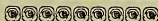
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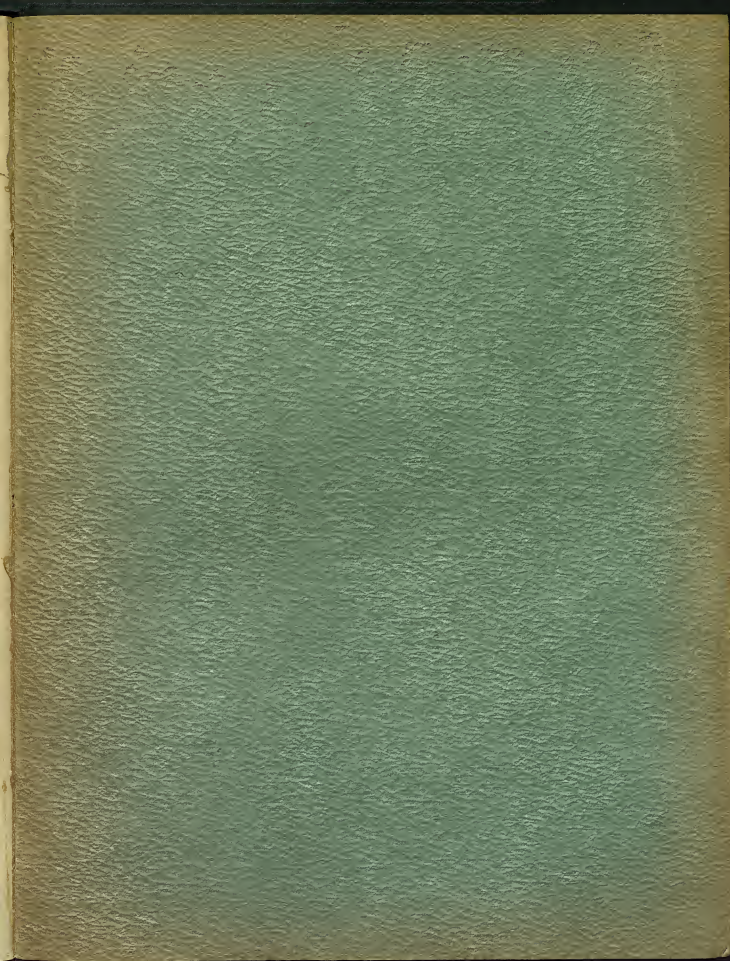
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